

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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Taxation.

THE Governor of New York, in his late message, has only given expression to the matured opinion and settled feeling of the people of this State and of reflecting people everywhere on the subject of reduction in the present heavy and ruinous rate of taxation. The Governor correctly indicates what should be the policy of the Government in this respect, viz.: to limit taxation to such a rate as shall cover the ordinary expenses of Government, meet the interest on the public debt, and afford a sinking fund that shall discharge the whole debt within a reasonable period. A sinking fund of fifty millions of dollars annually would pay off our obligations in less than forty years, at the end of which time we shall have, if our ratio of increase in population continues to hold, a population more than three times as great as we now have; so that it would be no heavier burden to raise \$300,000,000 annually than it now is to raise \$100,000,000.

The whole matter, however, is so well presented by Governor Fenton that we cannot do better than copy his remarks *in extenso*:

"It is respectfully suggested that the General Government could wisely diminish the impost on the produc-

tions and capital of the people, and by so doing mitigate the severity of the burdens which have resulted from the extraordinary period through which we have passed. It would not embarrass the credit of the nation, while it would assure to the State the ability to meet all the demands upon it with promptness and engage still further in improvements and developments of resources. The theory of the General Government is to impose a tax on home industry and capital and a duty on imports equal to the ordinary expenses of Government, the interest on the national debt and an annual sinking fund sufficient for the discharge of the whole obligation in a reasonable time. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury, December, 1865, shows that the extinction of the public debt can be effected in twenty-eight years; but the returns of the year just closed exhibit a gain in receipts over the estimates, and so far as this is drawn from the productions of the country, the increase will continue in the ratio of the gain in production. About twenty-eight millions of our present State debt was created in aid of the national cause during the period of war, which must ultimately be raised by direct tax, unless the General Government shall aid in its liquidation. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that the people should be relieved, as far as is consistent with the general welfare, from the pressure of exactions during the intermediate period. We appreciate that ours is a common interest, and wish nothing for New York not equally advantageous to others, nor that would bear with severity or prejudice upon the national good name and credit. Heavy taxes retard enterprise and growth, and thereby diminish the ability of the people to contribute to the public demands. Guided by this admitted truth, the General and State Governments will so frame their revenue systems as to meet all obligations by gradual and easy methods. The debt of the former does not exceed three thousand millions of dollars. It is less upon the population than that of Great Britain, and hardly more than that of several countries of the Old World, which have far less ability for payment

than our own. The material wealth of our country is so vast and the growth of our industry so rapid as to insure our ability to meet every demand; but it is, nevertheless, of first importance that it should be so distributed through a period of years as not to depress the enterprise of the people.

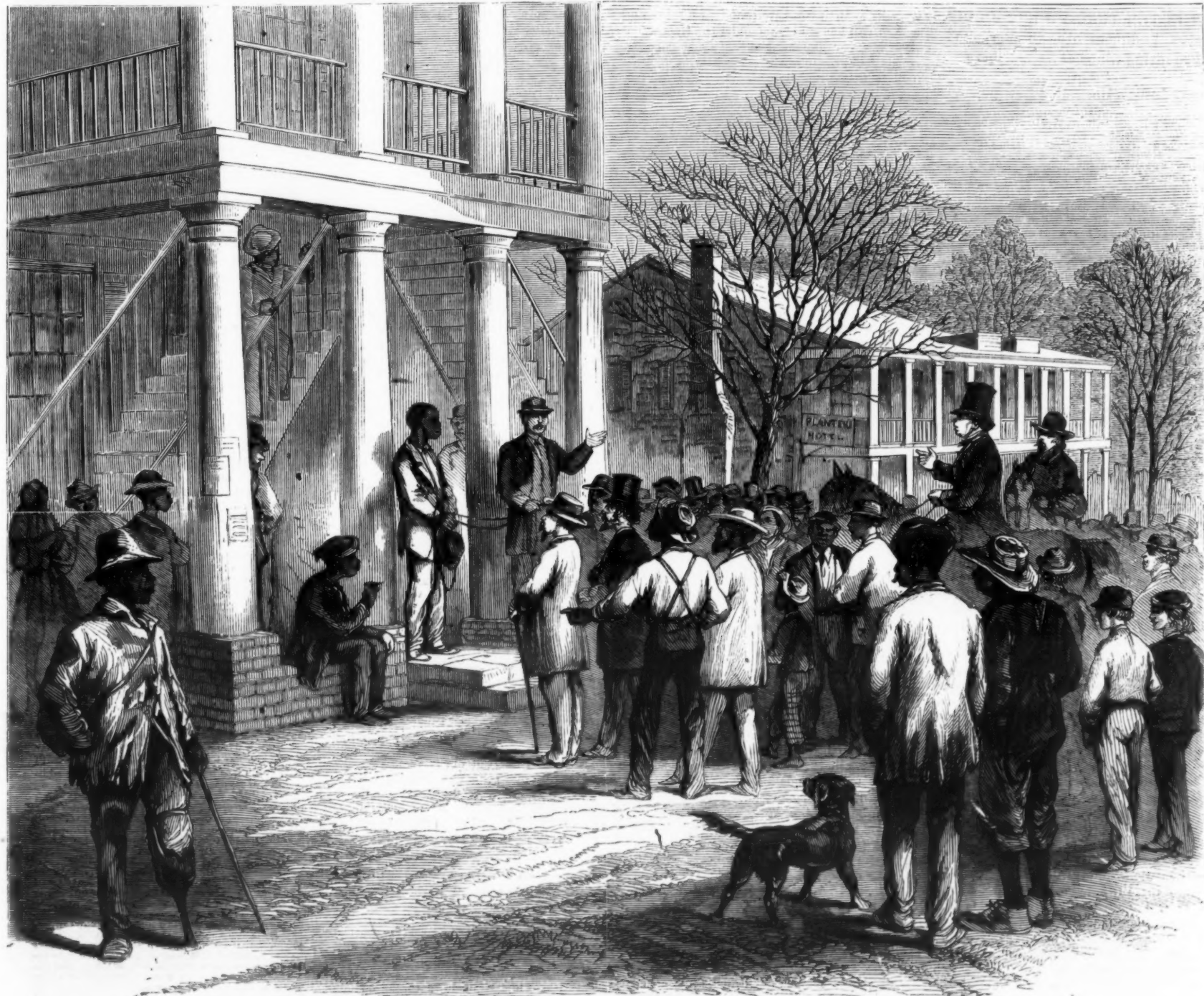
"Our varied industry, our profitable commerce, and our undeveloped resources bewilder even the careful observer with their immensity and value. If the increase of population is an addition to the actual capital of a country during the period antecedent to disease, settlement and matured resources, what remarkable ability our country will exhibit within the present century! Well-accredited estimates set down the entire population at about one hundred millions in the year 1900. This is upon a ratio which gives for the year 1870 about forty-two millions two hundred and fifty thousand; and for 1865 say thirty-five millions five hundred thousand: the population given by the census of 1860 being, in round numbers, thirty-one millions. Thirty-four years hence we are, therefore, to expect three times as many people in the country as there are now. The total area, including inland water surface, of the United States, is about three and a quarter million square miles. So, in little more than one generation, we are to become three times as numerous, which is still far below the dense population of Europe. No cause can be assigned for ordinary periods of peace to disappoint these enormous figures; they are deductions drawn from our wonderful and unfailing ratio of increase since 1790, and the same powerful incentives will continue to operate so long as our lands and products are so inviting and profitable. This increase of wealth and population involves but the same steady progress which our country has always exhibited. Can it be possible, in view of these considerations, that, from such modification, the internal revenue will fall below the requisite amount for the ordinary claims upon it, or that the national credit will suffer?"

Mexico.

We find on our table a pamphlet entitled, "Maximilian and the Mexican Empire: Non-Intervention the True Policy of the United States. By an American." This pamphlet is written with so much moderation, and such obvious personal acquaintance, on the part of its author, with Mexico and its condition, that we can well overlook the warm personal sympathy, perhaps not undeserved, that he has for Maximilian, whom he regards as having been cruelly deceived and betrayed by Napoleon. Of this there can be no doubt, and in this sense the Austrian has the pity, if nothing else, of the American people, while his wife has their open sympathy.

We find some of the views put forward in the pamphlet in striking accord with those so often expressed in these columns. As regards the alleged sympathy said to exist between the Liberal or any other party in Mexico and the United States, the pamphlet truly observes:

"The most glaring mistake that our countrymen can make is to suppose that the Mexicans, as a people, want our interference in any shape in the affairs of Mexico. Those who have traveled in that country know this to be the case. Along the Rio Grande, and perhaps in the



SELLING A FREEDMAN TO PAY HIS FINE, AT MONTICELLO, FLORIDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 275.

best known mining districts of Sinaloa, Chihuahua and Sonora, adjoining our frontier, there may be small communities where a contrary feeling exists, although the terrible fate of the Grabb party, in 1857, would seem to argue differently. But in the great populous centres of Mexico there is no more affinity between Mexicans and Americans than between oil and water. The natives hate and fear us, and even despise and condemn them. The two races are physically and morally antagonistic. If there is any all-engrossing principle with the Mexican people, it is their dislike of the rude, threatening Northman, and their traditional apprehension that we shall eventually inundate them, destroy their nationality, and overthrow their time-honored customs and their religion. What patriotism there is left in them would start into life, and unite the entire country against any attempt to absorb them."

In reference to the alleged desire of the Emperor that the United States should take upon itself the "pacification" of Mexico, which, in our case, would mean incorporation, the pamphlet continues:

"The incorporation of Mexico with the United States would be received with eager pleasure by every enemy of this country, and malicious statesmen in Europe would consider it as a merited and fatal punishment for such blind covetousness. It is not surprising that France should be ready to enter into a convention with our Government for this purpose; for, with the acquisition of Mexico, we morally assume all her liabilities and debts, and France would much rather have the United States her debtor than Mexico. From every indication, there have at least been overtures made for France to leave Mexico in the hands of Juarez upon their departure this winter, and to receive from him, in return, a recognition of the French debt, which we, in making Juarez our *protege*, virtually assume and become responsible for. This is even worse than the infamous fifty million dollar loan of last season, and should be reprobated by every taxpayer in the United States."

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1867.

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Secular Sermons Elsewhere.

Our influence is certainly spreading. Even our hyperborean neighbors in Canada are quick to follow our example in many things. We wish we could add that they were as ready to imitate what is excellent as to catch the infection of the follies and bad taste from which we sometimes suffer. Very likely the Rev. J. A. Allan, of Kingston, C. W., had read in our newspapers of the crowded audiences—no longer congregations—which flocked here to listen to sermons "on the vices of the clergy," or on the immorality of certain theatrical performances. So, straightway, he projects a rival performance. There being no "Black Crook" to shock the gentle sensibilities of the inhabitants of Kingston, this pastor selected for his "warning" the domination of the Mother Country; and, instead of holding out to his hearers the joys of Paradise, he drew an animated picture of the delights of annexation to the United States.

If our national vanity could be flattered by such adulations, we might view with complacency these tributes to our good qualities. But, though not irreducible to the esteem of our neighbors, there is a limit beyond which flattery itself becomes a cruel trial to patience, and it is this limit which we conceive the Rev. J. A. Allan has transgressed. The "special telegram" transmitting the sermon omitted the text or peg on which the reverend gentleman contrived to hang his disloyal discourse. Possibly there was none, and he inflicted on his

hearers a mere political essay; for, reading it as a religious sermon, it would be very difficult to find a text in the Bible which would serve as an appropriate heading. The pious wrath of the Rev. Mr. Allan seems to have been kindled against England because some newspapers there had asserted that the possession of the Canadas was not essential to the fabric of British prosperity. Was this the reward of all their devotion? Was it for this that for so many long years they had boasted of their loyalty, and made their love of England and English institutions their chief crown of glory? And now to be coldly told they were not wanted! It was too bad.

"Perhaps you were right to dissemble your love, But oh! why did you kick me down-stairs?"

These torments of unrequited affection are rather amusing, though it may seem cruel to say so, to lookers-on like ourselves. Perhaps we shall find our punishment in having these rejected embraces proffered to us. The Canadians, as represented by the Reverend Mr. Allan, are morally incapable of living without some strong affection for somebody. There is something so warm and gushing in their nature, that, without something to cling to, life, a national life, becomes a burden. Fancying themselves scorned by their old love, they turn with impetuosity to the shelter and protection of a new. We really had hoped that our neighbors had been more manly and self-reliant; that they had grown strong enough to stand alone; and that this timid seeking for reliance on others was confined to clergymen and old women—as, perhaps, indeed it is, in spite of the assertion of the Reverend Mr. Allan to the contrary.

But whether this yearning toward the United States be only felt by a small class or by the people at large, we do not like the style of their wooing, and should much prefer not to be importuned by their advances. They rate the value of their alliance much higher than we do. As offered to us through the pulpit, it is to bring with it instructions of a peculiar kind on matters on which we think we are already well informed. The people of the Northern States think they understand pretty well the arduous task of Reconstruction; and with many thanks for their obliging offers, we must decline the assistance of our neighbors, especially as their votes are promised "to save the South all her old rights under the Union."

It is very nice and kind for a clergyman to describe us in the following terms: "Not only attentive to their own interests, but intelligent, industrious and well informed gentlemen, liberal of their money, enterprising, truthful and charitably disposed to the poor, in their expenditure for public and patriotic objects, princely in their ideas and munificent in the extreme," but all these blandishments cannot blind the American people to the political danger of admitting the Canadians, in their present condition, to a share in our government. It is pleasant to know that they are seeking to emulate our virtues, as part of the education which may fit them at some future time for the political condition to which they aspire, but for the present, and for a long time to come, we should rather view them as worshippers of their new idol, than admit them to the services of the altar.

The Kingston congregation refrained from imitating the select audiences that attend our secular preachers in cheering or hissing, and we do not wonder that surprise at the words of their new Balaam kept them silent. The Reverend Mr. Allan appears to have had this further advantage over the reverend advertiser of the "Black Crook" here, that his hearers kept their seats till the services were over, a habit we would take this opportunity of strongly recommending to all frequenters of either churches or theatres.

College of the City of New York.

"What's in a name?" A great deal apparently in the estimation of those who control our educational institutions. Our old friend, "The Academy of the City of New York," not having in the lustiness of its youth fulfilled the promise of its childhood, it was decided to give it another title, and with the advantage of a small fortune, let it begin the world again. It is not unusual for persons who have inherited a fortune to take the name of the testator, nor for those who bequeath their wealth to a college to have their name immortalized by being attached to a foundation or a scholarship. But when the Legislature of the State last year authorized the Academy to change its name to the College, and gave it \$125,000 and a lot of land, the object could scarcely have been to reward the Academy for the good it had done, nor to atone for past neglects. The trustees have stated to the world that a graduate of an academy is less honored in the world of letters than the graduate of a college; that is, that an academical is a less distinguished title than that of a collegian, and therefore the bounty of the taxpayers would diffuse larger benefits if attached to an institution bearing the more sonorous and dignified name. Ill-natured people will suggest that if Academy has in people's minds

something that smacks of only a higher school, it must be partly the fault of those who have failed to administer rightly the ample means which the public purse has ungrudgingly afforded them, and will insist, with some show of reason, that the opportunity of raising the name of academical above that of collegian, has been thrown away.

An able daily contemporary asserts, in connection with this subject, that the Academy can only show a yearly average of thirty graduates for an introductory class averaging over four hundred. Admitting this, it is a strong proof that the system of education has, after a trial of nineteen years, not accomplished what the public had a right to expect. And it is also certain that, unless some radical change be made in the course of education, the College must fail in the same way, and in the same degree, as the Academy.

What those changes should be, and how far they should extend, is a matter of deep public interest, and excites lively discussion among those whose duty it will be to carry them out. It is not exactly the old question of a classical as opposed to a scientific education. The aim of the College is to afford the highest education in both branches, and the exact point to be determined is how far the two studies can be pursued simultaneously, and where, in railway language, the lines ought to branch; for, taking it for granted that, in the highest regions of each, undivided and exclusive attention is essential for attaining the greatest excellence, we believe there is yet a certain lower level up to which they can travel in company. Beyond this they must part; and a young man who, from inherent taste, chooses to woo the classic muse, and whose position in life is such that he is free to follow the bent of his inclinations, cannot, and must not, if he would succeed, allow his attention to be diverted by other charms. And so, in a similar manner, with the study of science. The Academy intended its students to attain equal eminence in both branches. We will not say it did not succeed; but that the eminence they did attain was far short of what was hoped for, and whether the College will achieve what the Academy failed in, and that by a mere change of name, is what the public may be permitted to doubt, without undervaluing the excellence of one of our most popular institutions.

New York.

THE statistics of New York must be of interest to every State of the Union and to every nation on this or the other Continent.

The "Empire" has, according to the census of last year, 3,827,818 inhabitants, the result of a decennial increase of 10.43 per cent. Of this number only 68 per cent. were born in the State. The negroes have diminished; the Indians have increased. The manufacturing capital of the State is \$228,000,000, being an increase of 31 per cent. in five years. The amount raised for schools for the past year was \$7,378,000. There are in the State 11,552 school-houses, and there were employed last year 26,481 teachers, of whom 21,450 were women. More than two-thirds of the children of the State, between 5 and 21 years of age, have attended school during some portion of the past year. The debt of the State is \$51,753,092. The gain in revenues from the canals for 1866 is \$732,000 over the revenues of 1865. The total sum received for the year was \$2,874,765. Altogether the affairs of the State seem to be sound and prosperous, and New York fully holds her own in the race between the States for wealth and greatness.

THE New York State Court of Appeals has decided that the Excise Law of the State, the constitutionality of which had been disputed, is constitutional. The Court holds that the provisions of the act were within the scope of Legislative authority, which extended to all subjects not prohibited by the Constitution; that there is constitutional restriction inhibiting the right of the Legislature to regulate the trafficking in intoxicating liquors; that such regulation does not interfere with or restrain one of his liberty or property within the prohibitions of the Constitution; that licenses to sell liquors are mere temporary permits to do that which, without such permits, would be an offense; that such license is not a contract between the State and the licensee giving to the latter any vested right; that such licenses are a part of the internal police system of the State, such as are useful in the exercise of police powers, and are always subject to the control of the Legislature, which may make, modify, or continue them at pleasure; that the necessary powers of the Legislature over all subjects of internal police regulation are a part of the great constitutional grant of powers which cannot be sold or given away, or relinquished, and in respect to which no Legislature can bind its successor.

A LONDON letter in the Chicago *Tribune* maintains that this is the golden age of literary men as regards the prosperity of their private circumstances, and goes into details as follows: "As Charles Dickens himself made known the dispute with his wife, there is no harm in alluding to it, or in concluding from the fact that he allows her \$2,500 a year, and that he keeps up both a town

and country house on a scale of considerable expense, that his income is not less than \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year, probably yet more. His periodical, *All the Year Round*, produces him nearly half that sum, and his 'readings' in public are worth \$2,500 a year. Mr. Dickens is generous and sympathetic—always ready with his purse in a good cause, and also with his influence. Mr. Trollope has a good income in a government office to begin with. He keeps his hunters, and is splendidly mounted at the sport. He usually has a houseful of company, though he works as hard as any man I know. He is in no danger of want, even though the American Congress adheres to its unfair and suicidal course. Kingsley's professorship at Cambridge, though it appears to have taken every drop of manliness out of him, has at least supplied him with a competent income, and added considerably to the means which his church living already supplied. Of friend Tupper what shall be said? He is immensely proud of the popularity of his works in America, and invariably recurs to it in talking of the contemptuous treatment he meets with from critics at home, and on a beautiful estate in Surrey thanks his stars that, if the censors are against him, he can thrust a hundred editions in their faces. Alfred Tennyson, had he no pension, would still be a rich man. The author of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' rejoices in the opulence of a highly-paid judicial office for which he has only party recommendations. Miss Evans has but to lift up her finger, and half the publishers in London would run to bid to a preposterous figure for her literary favors. Of the religious authors, the McLeods, and Guthries, and Spurgeons, I can only say that theirs is the most prosperous calling of any, equalling even Mr. Boucicault's pay for new dramas, which is a bold statement to make. In a word, the poor author, who is at the same time deserving, can hardly be said to exist in England at the present time."

THE heads of the plan for the new German Confederation have been published in Berlin. It is understood that the executive will be reserved to Prussia, that the subordinate armies will take an oath of military allegiance to her King, and that in time of war his powers will be nearly unrestrained. The functions of the Parliament are not defined, though the latest telegram seems to imply that they will be limited to legislation, but the Parliament itself is to consist of two Chambers, of which the Upper House will consist of Princes or their nominees, who will vote "by States," and the Lower, of 250 members or so, chosen, by universal suffrage, who will vote by head. In the Upper House the King gives himself "nearly a majority," and in the Lower the Prussians will be completely in the ascendant, each 100,000 of population sending up one representative. No official can be elected, and no member will be paid.

It is very seldom that the great continental hells publish the statistics of their gains and losses. Recently, however, the gambling establishment at Spa, which, greatly to the disgrace of Belgium, still flourishes, has sent forth a kind of official balance-sheet, by which it appears that during the past year (1866) the sum won at roulette was 932,952*fr.*, against 101,390*fr.* lost—being nine to one against the public. At trente-et-un, the amount gained by the establishment was 1,191,492*fr.*, and that lost 560,657*fr.*, the chances here being three to one against the player. Of the total gains, 32,000*fr.* were set apart for the maintenance of the public walks, bands, &c.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE Atlantic Cable on New Year's day sent us the intelligence, at five dollars a word, that the Queen, from the back of the Isle of Wight, saluted the Henrietta sailing by with "a wave of her handkerchief." This valuable piece of intelligence reminds us of Goldsmith's specimen of a "real newspaper." Its news from Spain is as follows: "The queen is more beautiful than the rising sun, and reckoned one of the first wits in Europe. She had a glorious opportunity of displaying the readiness of her invention, and her skill in repartee lately at court. The Duke of Larna coming up to her with a bow and a smile, and presenting a nosegay set with diamonds, 'Madam,' he cried, 'I am your most obedient, humble servant.' 'Oh, sir,' replies the queen, without any prompter or the least hesitation, 'I'm very proud of the very great honor you do me.' Upon which she made a low courtesy, and all the courtiers fell a laughing at the readiness and smartness of her reply."

The subject of rents is exciting attention. At the present rate the tenant is forced to pay the cost of the house in about ten years, and has nothing to show for his expenditure. The rate of rent in England is generally calculated at thirty years' purchase; here, as we have said, the average is about ten, and in some cases, a new building in particular, just put up in Nassau street, the rents will pay the outlay in four years. There are various schemes for avoiding this, the main principle of them all being that the rents should be made to apply to the payment of the property. One of these schemes, called "The House Saving Bank," of which Mr. Thomas Walden is Secretary, has been regularly organized, and has taken an office at 111 Broadway, in Trinity Buildings. We advise all who are interested in this subject to get one of their circulars.

The papers have been filled this past week with public documents of great interest. We have had not only the annual reports of the heads of departments at Washington, but the messages of the State Governors, the reports of the Board of Health, the Police and the public bodies. Many of the suggestions in these documents are worthy of most serious attention. It is hopeless in our confined space to attempt to indicate them. Besides these yearly documents, we have had the decision of the Court of Appeals supporting the constitutionality of the Excise Law, and we shall therefore see probably the return of the scenes of last summer. Though the decision supports the constitutionality of the law, its expediency is still a subject for consideration. There is no doubt that all persons whose opinions are not warped by self-interest, will agree that it is not only expedient but necessary to exercise a supervision over the sale of liquor, not only on Sunday, but during every other day of the week. The evils that come from the indiscriminate sale of liquors, adulterated as they are now, no one can deny; but at the same time it is impossible, while human nature continues human nature, to prevent the use of stimulants—nor would it be desir-

able to do so if it were possible. There are physiological reasons which prove this. But what is there to prevent an intelligent discrimination in the application of the law? We feel certain that the common sense of the community would support such a course of action. Our national fault is the too prevalent use of strong liquors, and the only way to reform this is by the general substitution of more harmless drinks. The fanaticism which would attempt to entirely prevent all drinking will never produce any other result than increasing the habit it seeks to eradicate. Mr. Hoses Biglow describes us all when he says:

"If I've one peculiar feature,
It is a nose that won't be led."

With Falstaff, the world will not be virtuous upon compulsion. But no one who has seen the innocent enjoyment derived from the free use of wine in wine-growing countries could desire a better change than the substitution of such habits for our present unsocial consumption of strong liquors. If the Excise Board will attempt to regulate rather than suppress, it will meet the cordial support of all those whose support is worth having.

We have also this week an important decision from the Supreme Court in the Indiana conspiracy case, which bears upon the question of military tribunals. The Court is unanimous in holding that the Special Military Commission held in this case had no lawful jurisdiction in the premises, and that the plaintiff's petition for a writ of habeas corpus should have been granted. The majority of the Court hold, however, not only that this Special Military Commission had no legal jurisdiction, but denies the right of Congress to authorize military commissions in places which are not the seat of actual hostilities. The minority of the Court, however, dissent from this holding, that since Congress is authorized to provide by law for war operations when necessary, it has also the power "to provide for the organization of a military commission and for trial by that commission of persons engaged in conspiracies." This conclusion is based upon the proposition "that when the nation is involved in war and some portions of the country are invaded, all are exposed to invasion: it is within the power of Congress to determine in what States or districts such great and public danger exists as justifies the authorization of military tribunals for the trial of crimes and offenses against the discipline or security of the army or against the public safety." The question of jurisdiction in cases of imminent public danger is always difficult to settle. The Romans, during the time of the Republic, removed the difficulty by appointing a Dictator. A jealous watchfulness of the personal liberty of the subject is the basis of freedom; but it must not be carried too far, nor should it ever be prompted by party feeling.

Tennessee has rejected in its Legislature a bill to establish free schools. Upon which an exchange remarks: "Until the Tennesseans learn that a popular government is based upon popular intelligence and regard for the schools as more necessary than a militia force or a loyal Legislature, they may expect constant disorder and inevitable disloyalty."

The report that Colonel Peter Force's collection has been bought by the Government for the Congressional Library is denied. Mr. Force is one of the famous private collections of the country upon the history of America, and probably the difficulty in the way is the value he puts upon it. To estimate exactly the value of American books is now almost impossible; they are the rarest class of books, for being printed upon the most dainty cottony paper, they are actually used up in the reading, and then the number of collectors is so constantly increasing, that their prices are constantly rising.

A biography, entitled "Alexander H. Stephens in public and private, with letters, speeches, etc.," by Henry Cleveland, is announced by the National Publishing Company of Richmond. The author is said to be an intimate personal friend of Mr. Stephens, who has consented to the publication and given free access to his private papers. It would seem as though just now it would be more modest for Mr. Stephens to rather shun than seek publicity.

The State of Tennessee has donated the "Hermitage" property, once the residence of General Andrew Jackson, to the United States, "to be used as a branch of the West Point Military Academy." If the gift is upon this condition, it is not likely to be accepted by Congress. We have one Military Academy now, which is quite sufficient for the wants of the nation, and which, if necessary, may be increased in its accommodations so as to be equal to every national requirement. To erect a military academy at the "Hermitage" would entail a very heavy expense upon the Government, without an adequate cause for incurring it. It may be presumed that, if there is no condition precedent, and the "Hermitage" is placed at the control of Congress for any purpose that may be suitable, it will be gladly taken. It would be an excellent situation for a national soldiers' asylum, where the veterans of the Mexican war and of the war for the Union could be taken care of, and spend their days in peacefulness, in the scenes made classic by the footsteps of the man who said, "The Federal Union—it must be preserved." To make the mansion of the old hero a refuge and a home for the old soldier who fought for the country in obedience to the lessons of Jackson, would be an agreeable and useful disposition of the present.

Amusements in the City.

The world of city amusement has presented very few features of novelty, for the week ending with Wednesday, January 9th. At the theatre many old and attractive bills have been held over, making criticism supererogatory. * * * The Broadway produced a novelty on Monday, December 31st, in "Clorodorm; or, New York in 1867," a burlesque originally written many years ago by the comedian C. A. Logan, now remodelled by stage-manager Baker. In its present shape it has much wit, some good effects, and many hard hits; but it is crude and patchy and needs re-writing once more. The leading characters in it, those of Ambrosius Sileum and Pink Putter, are capably played by Mr. John E. Owens and Miss Celia Logan; and some of the scene-acts, especially that of the "Merrill's Cave," are excellent. Mr. Owens concludes his engagement with Saturday evening the 12th, and is to be succeeded by the Warrall Sisters on Monday the 14th. * * * A good deal of interest has been excited at the Winter Garden (from which the Italian Opera Company have just departed) by the Ophelia of Messrs. Booth and Dawson, Madame Mathia Scheller, etc., in mixed English and German. An oddity and a curiosity, but not much more, to our thinking. The third and last repetition of it was given on Friday evening the 4th; and on Monday evening the 7th Mr. Booth appeared for the first time this season as Brutus. * * * At the New York "Cendrillon," at Wallack's "Ours," and at Niblo's the "Black Crook" (new dressed and with many new features) still hold on to excellent houses. * * * At the Olympic the "Huguenot Captain" concludes its career with Thursday the 10th; and on Monday the 14th the English Opera Troupe, headed by Miss Caroline Richings, Messrs. Campbell, Castle, Miss Zella Harrison, Mr. Peakes, etc., commence a season, probably opening with "Martha" or "Sonnambula." * * * Madame Ristori made another of her pronounced successes at the Theatre Francaise, as Deborah, her scenes of grief and indignation being superb beyond comparison, though it must be candidly owned that she looked the character much too maturely. She appeared on Friday evening the 4th in another new tragic character, that of Camma, in a play of the same name—of course too late for present notice. Madame closes here and goes West again with the week, but again to return. * * * Barnum's has been doing a very prosperous business through the holidays, with the combined Circus and Museum attraction, performances of the animals, etc. The dramatic features in the lecture-room have been "Robinson Crusoe" and "Trying It On." * * * There has been no new feature at the New York Circus. * * * Faust, by Bayle Bernard's version, with the Mephistophiles of Mr. Booth and the Marguerite of Madame Mathia Scheller, is soon to be given at the Winter Garden. * * * The Wednesday Popular Concerts at Steinway Hall, admirably led and managed by Theodore Thomas, are not drawing as they deserve. * * * Mr. Kennedy gave a last concert of the Songs of Scotland on Friday evening the 4th. * * * The Italian Opera Troupe is to come back again and Mr. Max Maretzek is to open the rebuilt Academy of Music with it, about the close of February or first of March. * * * Attendance at indoor places of amusement has

been somewhat decreased, on the average, during the New Year week, by the temptations of the excellent sleighing and skating, in which latter interest the Jockey Club opened their pond at Jerome Park on Tuesday the 8th. * * * Madame Ristori gave a single reading from the French and Italian poets at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening, January 8th, which will be hereafter spoken of. * * * Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are about to give their celebrated comic and musical entertainments at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia; and those in search of a "sensation" in the musical way will find it by visiting the impersonations of this talented couple. * * * Mr. Edmond De Mondion, a well-known editor of this city under another name, is about to adopt the stage as a profession, and played Hamlet at the Olympic on Tuesday evening the 8th, by editorial invitation.

ART GOSSIP.

J. F. Wynn's fine picture of the "Gun Foundry," which attracted so much attention at the Academy Exhibition of last year, is to be sent to the Paris Exposition. Mr. Wynn has now upon his easel a small picture of Hudson River scenery, in which a rainbow is a leading object.

W. J. Hays has lately finished a picture of prairie scenery, with a herd of *sagittis*, or elk, in the foreground. The animals are admirably drawn and painted, and the feeling of space in the landscape is rendered with great skill.

The quaint conceit of "Raining Cats and Dogs," to which we lately referred as a subject selected for treatment by W. H. Beard, is rapidly advancing to completion upon the easel of that well-appreciated delineator of animal life and character. The variety of types canine coming down from "that equal sky," in which the savage fondly hopes to meet after death with his favorite dog, is immense; and the worry of fallen dogs and cats on the ground nothing short of terrific. The same artist has just finished a small oval showing a big bear lurching, or dictating philosophy of some ursine school to a little one.

We have seen lately, in the studio of William Hart, several small and brilliant landscapes, chiefly of Vermont scenery, lately completed by him. He is now at work upon a larger composition from the rocky and sea-drifted shore of Grand Manan, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a remote wilderness of coast, replete with those rare combinations of color and form that are so fascinating to eyes artistic.

One of the most taking expositions, on a small scale, that we have lately seen on visiting the Tenth street studios, is that in the one occupied by J. G. Brown, who has advanced greatly in late in the power of juvenile character, so congenial to his pencil. Among the small pictures lately finished by him is one of a young girl leaning against a tree, a subject rendered with exquisite feeling and tender color. Another shows a little girl munching a slice of lemon, closely watched the while by a familiar spirit in the form of a small black-and-white terrier. Mr. Brown has now upon his easel a picture to be entitled "Ambush;" the subject a young girl of *epique* expression hiding amid a tangle of leafy verdure.

S. R. Gifford had in his studio, last Saturday, "At Home," a large picture of Adirondack scenery, lately finished by him, a composition full of the charming atmospheric effects peculiar to mountain regions. Another picture noted by us in the same artist's studio was a small one not yet quite finished, the subject a woodland scene in the gray and sombre tones of early December. A little reminiscence of Coney Island beach in the "height of the season," was also noticeable for its sparkling effects.

On our last visit to the studio of Leunt Thompson, we saw a very cleverly modeled head, the work of Mr. W. W. Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, Esq., and a pupil of Mr. Thompson. The head referred to is modernized from that of the ancient Psyche, and the taste and feeling displayed in the modelling of it warrant us in predicting success for the young artist, should he decide upon adopting sculpture as a profession.

There are now to be seen in the studio of A. D. Shattuck several charming landscape compositions from Berkshire County, Westchester County and Vermont scenery; as well as some excellent studies of sheep—a branch of animal life in the delineation of which Mr. Shattuck excels.

A curious instance of "reconstruction" was lately developed in the case of Alma-Tadema's picture of the "Egyptian Dance," which was lately torn to ribbons by an explosion that took place at Gambart's gallery in Paris. The artist, himself, picked up the fragments, with the remark, "Here is an end to my picture!" By dint of great ingenuity, however, the *disjecta membra* were united, and, so successfully has the canvas been refitted and retouched, that the damage received by it is barely visible, and the picture is to figure at the coming Paris exhibition.

In one of the picture exhibitions in London, there is now to be seen a replica in water-colors, by Gromy, of his painting in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, representing a prisoner bound and placed alight at a boat that is being rowed down the Nile. "The drawings," says a London critic, "has the wonderful tone and consummate draughtsmanship of the picture, and may be commended to English painters in water-colors who conceive that their art is peculiar to this country."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

—It is said that Mr. Pollard, late of the Richmond Examiner, is going to start another paper called *Southern Opinion*. As long as men like Pollard have any influence in forming or expressing Southern opinion, so long will it go badly with the South.

—Randolph Rodgers, the sculptor, has notified the State of Virginia that he will not deliver the remaining statue for the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Washington ordered of him by the State until he gets his money for the portions already delivered, or unless payment is guaranteed to him. The statue he has now completed and ready for delivery are those of John Marshall, Thomas Nelson and Andrew Lewis.

—The Crystal Palace at Sydenham has been partially burned. The fire consumed the wing occupied by the tropical plants, one of the pleasantest parts of the entire palace, and probably destroyed the facsimiles of the architecture of various nations. It will be sad if the facsimile of the Alhambra is destroyed. It was one of the completest and most interesting parts of the palace. It may be interesting to state that when Owen Jones made the castings from the Alhambra, for his splendid work upon that building, and from which this specimen in the palace was constructed, an American gentleman who was with him in Spain, was enabled to get a set of them for himself, and that they are now in this city.

—Mr. Fort as Winslow, whose studies concerning insanity are well known, has just published a book with the following title: "On uncontrollable drunkenness, considered as a form of mental disorder, with suggestions for its treatment and the organization of Sanatoria for Dipomania, &c."

—Victor Hugo is said to be writing a novel, the scene of which is to be laid in England. His letter concerning the revolution in Canada should have been given us in French. Hugo's enthusiasm is admirable in his vernacular, but will not stand translation into English. He suffers as much from translation into English, as Shakespeare does by translation into French, and from about the same reason: he is so intensely idiomatic and national.

—A criticism upon Swinburne's Poems and Ballads, by W. M. Rossetti, is promised by Hotten.

—Murray, who still holds the copyright of Byron's works, has recently issued them all in one small volume, at a price of two shillings and sixpence, or one dollar in currency. It is said Murray has in his possession a fifth canto of *Childe Harold*, in manuscript, but unfinished. Whether it is so or not, cannot be told with certainty, and Murray himself keeps his own counsel upon the point. The Mr. Byron who was in this country and served during the war upon Fremont's staff in Missouri, and who claims to be a son of Lord

Byron, is now again in England, and is gaining some attention for his claims.

—The spread of newspapers in the Levant is a feature of these days of ocean steamers and telegraphs. The old-fashioned Mussulman despotism is, however, brought to bear on them. The *Levant Herald* has been fined for publishing what the Government asserted was false telegraphic intelligence concerning the Candian insurrection. The editor offered to bring proof, if they would give him the necessary time, to show that his news was correct. But the Government considered such a defense derogatory to its dignity and would not listen to it. The last case was that of a small Greek sheet in Constantinople, called *Meliss*, which was sold at a cent. The Government, finding it had telegraphic reports, hunted it up, and found that it was edited, composed, printed and sold by a boy of about sixteen, who was employed in the printing office, and had hit upon this enterprising means of increasing his personal revenue. He has the honor of having issued the first Greek paper printed in Constantinople. It is probable, however, that this honor will hardly compensate him for the stoppage of his enterprise. Still, the introduction of newspapers is a sure indication that the traditional fatalism of the Turkish Empire is meeting the modern fate of all such traditions.

—The members of the Civil Service in England have had for some years established for their own use a co-operative store, at which they can buy their clothing and other necessities at the lowest possible rates.

—The widest bridge in the world has recently been completed in London. It is built of iron and extends across the Thames, joining two of the suburbs of London—Battersea and Fulham. It is a railroad bridge, and measures 110 feet in width.

—M. de Gobineau, the late French Chargé d'Affaires at Teheran, Persia, has written a book entitled "The Religions and Philosophies of Central Asia," some of the statements of which are so objectionable to the Shah of Persia that he is obliged to commence an action at law for libel against the author. In his work M. Gobineau tells a story of a sage he met in the East, who had seen some French papers and was most enthusiastic in their praise, commending especially the fourth page, the one devoted entirely to advertisements. The sage could not sufficiently express his surprise and admiration for the genius of the man who had been able to collect in such a brief space the notices of the most wonderful medicines, the different wares, the latest inventions, the finest books and all the various items which go to fill up the advertising page of an enterprising French journal.

—The celebrated Luxor Obelisk is to be removed from the Place de la Concorde, Paris, and placed in the grounds of the International Exhibition. It is to be supplanted by an equestrian statue of the Emperor.

—The population of Paris, including the arrondissements of St. Denis and Sceaux, according to the census of 1856, amounts to 2,181,916; which is an increase of 197,256 above the number given in the census for 1851. As the annual expenditure of the city of Paris now amounts to upward of 30,000,000 francs, it follows that the local taxation is ten francs, or two dollars, for every head of the population.

—In Caffraria the natives dress generally—when they dress at all—in loose pieces of cotton cloth wrapped about them. But the missionaries having made a rule that they must be covered decently when they appear in public, the consequence of this style was that, in rainy weather, their garments clung close to their bodies and gave them colds, rheumatism and all such sicknesses. They have now discovered, however, that the use of crinolines will obviate all this difficulty, and that they can, with its aid, wear their peculiar dress in a rain without running the risk of catching a cold by having the wet cloth cling too closely to them. Now that fashion has decreed the disuse of crinolines, it would seem most fortunate that this new market is opened for the civilized world's discarded stock of it.

—The English are loud and constant in their complaints of American unscrupulousness in taking their literary labors without any compensation. If we have such a bad habit, it is one we inherited. It is a noticeable fact that Caxton, the father of English typography, learned the art from Collard Mansion, a Frenchman, and that all the books he printed during the first years that he practiced the art were translations from the French. Nor is it more than a few years that almost the entire English theatre depended upon that of France; and in fact England's wealth, which is the result of replications from all weaker nations, all over the world, is a fair counterpart of her literature. They make, however, such a noise about our course in this respect, and are, as usual, so dogmatically assertive, that we are hardly aware how much they really take bodily and without credit from us. The last case in evidence is a protest from Beadle & Co., against Cassell, Peter & Co., for taking "The Dead Letter" from their *Monthly*, and spoiling it by mutilations intended to fit it for its new market. Criticisms and recriminations will never, however, make the matter right. It wants only justice on both sides to settle it correctly.

—A letter from Rome states that a band of brigands a short time back entered the village of Aucto, in the territory Anagni, and seized upon five persons belonging to the principal families of the place. They carried them off to the mountains, and gave them to understand that they must pay a large ransom, giving one sealed box to be handed to the mayor of the village. The box arrived at the destination, and on being opened was found to contain the cars of four other prisoners, and a letter saying that, if the whole sum demanded was not remitted, the heads would shortly be sent to their friends.

—Mr. Dallas has published a volume entitled "The Gay Science," meaning not what the provincial poets meant by that term, but criticism. It would not seem as though Mr. Dallas intended his title to be satirical.

Selling a Freedman to Pay his Fine in Monticello, Florida.

Our Artist sends us the following account of his sketch: "It is customary, when a white or black man commits some petty crime or misdemeanor, to fine him; and if unable to pay, whatever the sum may be, the equivalent is required in labor. The culprit is taken to the County Court-House and sold to the highest bidder. The purchaser then takes possession of the culprit, who is put to work, and serves his time. A fine of \$100 is equivalent to three months' labor."

"I sketched this scene on the spot. The sheriff led the victim to the place of sale, having hold of one end of a feather thong; the other end secured the negro by the wrist."

THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY.

The handing over of the "Iron Crown" to Victor Emmanuel is unquestionably an event of singular interest in connection with the ancient traditions of Italian history. Like most matters connected with Italy, it has given to sensation writers in newspapers an opportunity of displaying an amount of ignorance almost more sensational, certainly more amusing, than the high-faloot periods in which it is exhibited. One writer sentimentally informed his readers that "this precious remnant of the past" was, in point of actual value, "worth only the few pence that would purchase the rusty bit of iron of which it is formed;" and another, as well informed upon the subject of its history as the first was upon that of its materials, feelingly observes that "it is impossible to contemplate without emotion the last descendant of the Caesars handing over to a stranger the ancient hereditary diadem of his illustrious house."

The "last descendant of the Caesars" is, of course, Francis Joseph. Yet, if he be at all the descendant of the Caesars, why is he to be the last? There is, we

thought, an Austrian Prince Imperial, who has, we presume, "descended from the Caesars" (if this is the proper phrase for being born in the Imperial family) later than his father. We say nothing of the collateral branches, in which there seems to be no fear of the race of Caesars becoming extinct. The stranger is "Victor Emmanuel," and the "hereditary diadem" of the house of Hapsburg is the iron crown. By what strange fatality is it that, even among well educated men, nine out of ten cannot venture either to speak or write upon any subject connected with "the Holy Roman Empire" without falling into errors as absurd as that which regards the iron crown as the hereditary diadem of Francis Joseph.

"Of the 'iron crown' a very small portion is iron. The crown, like most other crowns, is made of gold and precious stones. Inside it is encircled with a narrow iron rim which derives its value and its sanctity from a tradition that it is actually made out of some of the nails of the Cross. Helena, the mother of Constantine, is said to have brought them from the Holy Land upon the occasion of the visit in which she ascertained the true place of the sepulchre of Christ. By her an iron rim formed of these nails was given as a precious gift to the first Christian Emperor. There is no very clear or distinct account of the manner in which this iron rim got into the possession of the Lombard kings. But unquestionably at a very early period the 'iron crown' formed a part of the regalia of the sovereignty which, under the name of the Italian Kingdom, had been constituted in North Italy by Alboin, the chief of the Lombard invaders.

About the middle of the sixth century the Lombards—or, as the original name was, the Long-bearded Men—had wrested from the feeble hand of the Emperors a district occupying nearly the northern half of the Italian peninsula, with a small territory in the south. Pavia was the capital of this monarchy, and, by what ever means the Lombards may have acquired the sacred relic, the iron crown was the crown of the Italian Kingdom. Charlemagne married the daughter of the last king of the Lombard race. Ultimately, he divorced his wife, and deposed his father-in-law, crowning himself in the Cathedral of Aachen with the iron crown. To the title of King of Italy, which he thus acquired, the Pope and the Senate almost immediately added that of Emperor of Rome. But, though the dignities were thus united in one person, they were perfectly distinct, and were held in distinct rights. Charles was, in fact, King of the Franks, King of Italy and he was also Emperor of Rome.

On the extinction of the descendants of Charlemagne, native princes seized, one after another, on the Italian crown. Some of them succeeded in obtaining the title of Emperor of Rome. No family, however, succeeded in firmly establishing its title; after some years of civil war, the Kings of Germany were invited to the throne, and, finally it was settled that the Kingdom of Italy should be appendant to the German crown. The King of Germany (there never was an Emperor) was elected by the chiefs of the German tribes. By virtue of that election he became King of Italy, and entitled to wear the iron crown, and as King of Italy, he acquired an inchoate right to be Emperor of Rome—a right, however, which required confirmation by the Roman Pontiff and Senate. Under this Imperial system three perfectly distinct sovereignties were united in the successor of Charlemagne. Elected King of Germany, he was crowned at Frankfurt with the silver crown which was worn by the chief of the German nations. From this he proceeded either to Milan or Monza, where he was crowned King of Italy with the iron crown; afterward he presented himself at Rome, and received from the Pope the coronation without which he had no claim to any Imperial title. He never was Emperor until he was crowned Emperor of Rome, and for centuries no King of Germany ever ventured to assume the Imperial title until he had received the coronation from the Pope.

The Imperial system really ceased with the election of Rudolph, the founder of the House of Hapsburg, to the Germanic crown. The Popes denied the Emperor all authority at Rome. The German Diet asserted the title of their chief to be Emperor without any assent or coronation from the Pope. Gradually the "Empire," although it never legally bore the title of German, became German, and not Roman. "The Holy Roman Empire" became exclusively a German institution, under the control of a German Diet, and wholly separated from Rome. The somewhat shadowy prerogatives which had belonged to the Italian monarchs, became, like the Imperial title, attached directly to the German sovereign, without any assumption of the Italian crown. The princes of the House of Hapsburg acquired at last possession in North Italy in their own right. In all the later settlements or divisions of Italian territory the old Italian Kingdom had wholly disappeared. Its iron crown, however, remained at Milan; and, because Milan was under the rule of the sovereign of Austria, the sovereign of Austria became the keeper of the crown. In 1805, as our readers know, the Emperor Francis had down the Imperial crown, then erroneously called that of Germany, and the Holy Roman Empire came formally to an end. From that hour there was no one who could put forward any pretensions to wear the iron crown, of Alboin and the old Lombard kings. There was neither King of Italy nor Emperor of Rome. Napoleon had some shadow of claim to it when he declared himself king of a so-called Kingdom of Italy, and mimicked Charlemagne by placing it with his own hands upon his head. After the downfall of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna established a new kingdom in Northern Italy in favor of Austria. But, with the most persevering obstinacy, the Emperor, acting on the advice of Metternich, refused to permit his new dominion to be called the Kingdom of Italy. It was, indeed, as a concession to his Italian subjects that he consented to be crowned with the old iron crown as king of the realm, to which he gave the outlandish title of the "Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom."

Such were the vicissitudes of this celebrated "iron crown." Originally it was the royal symbol of the Lombard sovereigns of the old kingdom of Italy established by Alboin 1,300 years ago. Passing with that kingdom to Charlemagne from the monarchs of the Lombard race, it became in time appendant to the silver crown of the elected German Kings. Surviving the realm which it represented, it remained through many a long year an unused and almost forgotten relic of the past. It was brought from its obscurity by Napoleon, in order, if possible, to connect with old titles a revolutionary throne. It became then the diadem of one who was indeed a stranger. It is at last restored to an Italian prince. Possibly no existing dynasty can show a perfect appropriateness in the wearing of that crown. The authority and the royalty it represents are things of the long-forgotten past, of which there is no representative in the present. Victor Emmanuel might probably find it hard to make himself out the successor of the "long-bearded" Alboin or the inheritor of his crown. All that can be said is, that the King of Italy has a better title to wear the iron crown than any other living man. Certainly, the most sensitive sentimentalist may be spared any anguish he might feel in the thought that poor Francis Joseph, "the last descendant of the Caesars," in giving up the iron crown of Alboin, is parting with "the ancient hereditary diadem of his house." Until after the erection of the new-angled "Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom" in 1815 not one of his successors ever had it on his head.

In the mines of San Domingo, in Spain, some discoveries of Roman mining implements and galleries have been made, which show us the colossal character of the labors undertaken by that ancient nation. In some instances, draining galleries nearly three miles in length were discovered, and in others, the remains of wheels used to raise water were found in abundance. The wood, owing, it is thought, to penetration by copper, is in a perfect state of preservation, and there appears to be evidence that the wheels were worked by a number of men stepping on the flanges somewhat after the manner of prisoners on a treadmill. There were eight of these water-wheels, the water being raised by the first into the first basin, by the second into the second basin, and so on, till it was conveyed out of the mine. The age of these relics has been set down at 1,800 years.

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



INAUGURATION OF THE NEW RAILWAY FROM BADAJOZ TO LISBON, SPAIN.

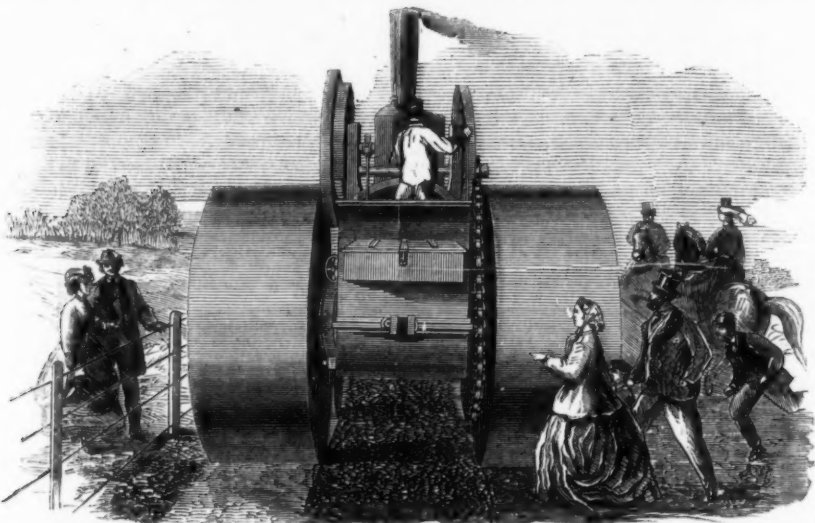
PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.
Inauguration of the Railroad from Lisbon to Badajoz.

This line completes the railroad connection of Madrid

time has remained almost a *terra incognita* to the army of European travelers.

The Steam Road-Roller in Hyde Park, London.

This is a new roller, designed to be heavy enough to crush the stones and smooth the surface of the macadam.



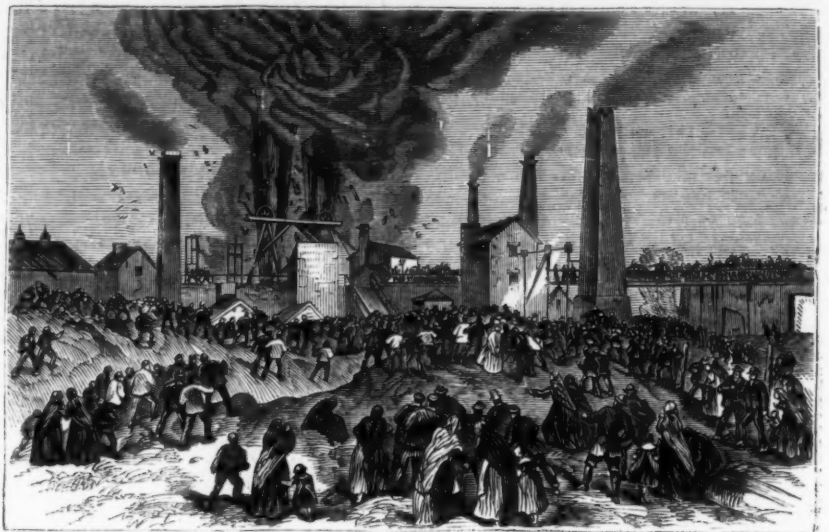
STEAM ROAD-ROLLER IN USE AT HYDE PARK, LONDON.



ENTRY OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA INTO VIENNA AFTER HIS TOUR IN BOHEMIA.

and Lisbon. Our illustration shows the invited guests upon the inaugural trip visiting the market-place at Badajoz. The introduction of railroads in Spain is a matter of great congratulation both for the Spaniards themselves and for all travelers who desire to visit the country. Spain is rich in art, but up to the present

ized roads which are so frequent in London, and which could be introduced with so much improvement in this city. The rollers of this machine are three feet broad and seven feet in diameter, and bear with a weight of three tons. The engine is twelve horse-power, and the whole affair weighs twenty tons.



THE GREAT COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT BARNSLEY, ENGLAND.

The Emperor of Austria Re-Entering Vienna.

The Emperor is re-entering Vienna, after a tour through the northern provinces of his empire. The memory and the sufferings of the late war were too

The French Troops Evacuating Castle San Angelo at Rome.

This view shows the Bridge San Angelo, over the Tiber, and opposite it the fort of the same name. The bridge was built by the Emperor Hadrian, and the



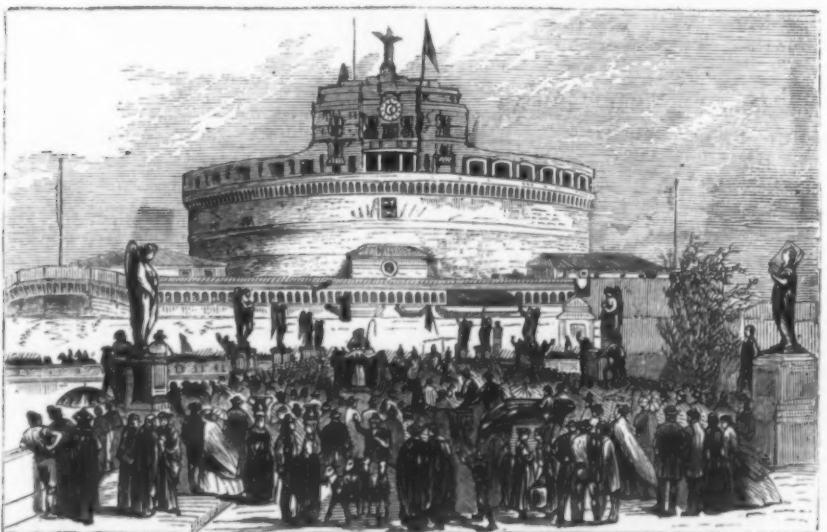
DANCE OF RUSSIAN GIPSIES BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES AT MOSCOW, RUSSIA.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. PETERSBURG—REVIEW OF THE CIRCASSIAN BODY-GUARD.

fresh in the minds of the people to lead them, upon his route, into expressions of great enthusiasm, and on his entry into Vienna there could have been more evinced than there was. Even in Austria the republican tendency is increasing, and the ruler now feels himself somewhat dependent upon the people.

ten fine statues of angels, which now decorate it were added to it centuries afterward by Bernini. The Fort San Angelo was originally built by the Emperor Hadrian as his tomb, but was, after his death, on account of its advantageous position, used also as a fort. During all the troubles of the Middle Ages it played an



THE FRENCH TROOPS EVACUATING THE CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME.



THE RESTITUTION OF THE HEAD OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU TO THE SORBONNE, PARIS.

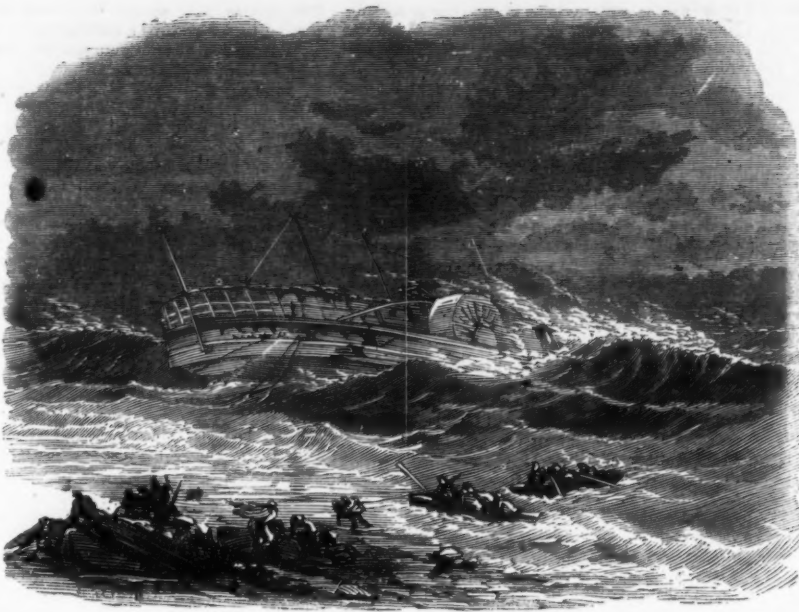
important part, and is significant now in a picture illustrating the evacuation of the Eternal City by the French troops, the signal for the commencement of a new national history for Italy and for Rome. The building was splendidly decorated by Hadrian with statues and equestrian groups of colossal size. During one of the invasions of the Goths, their progress was stopped by this fort, and when its occupants had exhausted their weapons, they broke up these statues to hurl the fragments against the invaders. Its present appearance was given it by Pope Urban VIII. in 1626. The French flag has in turn floated from it for the last seventeen years, and how many flags of different nationalities it may support, even before the advent of the next century, time only will show.

The Great Colliery Explosion at Barnsley, England.

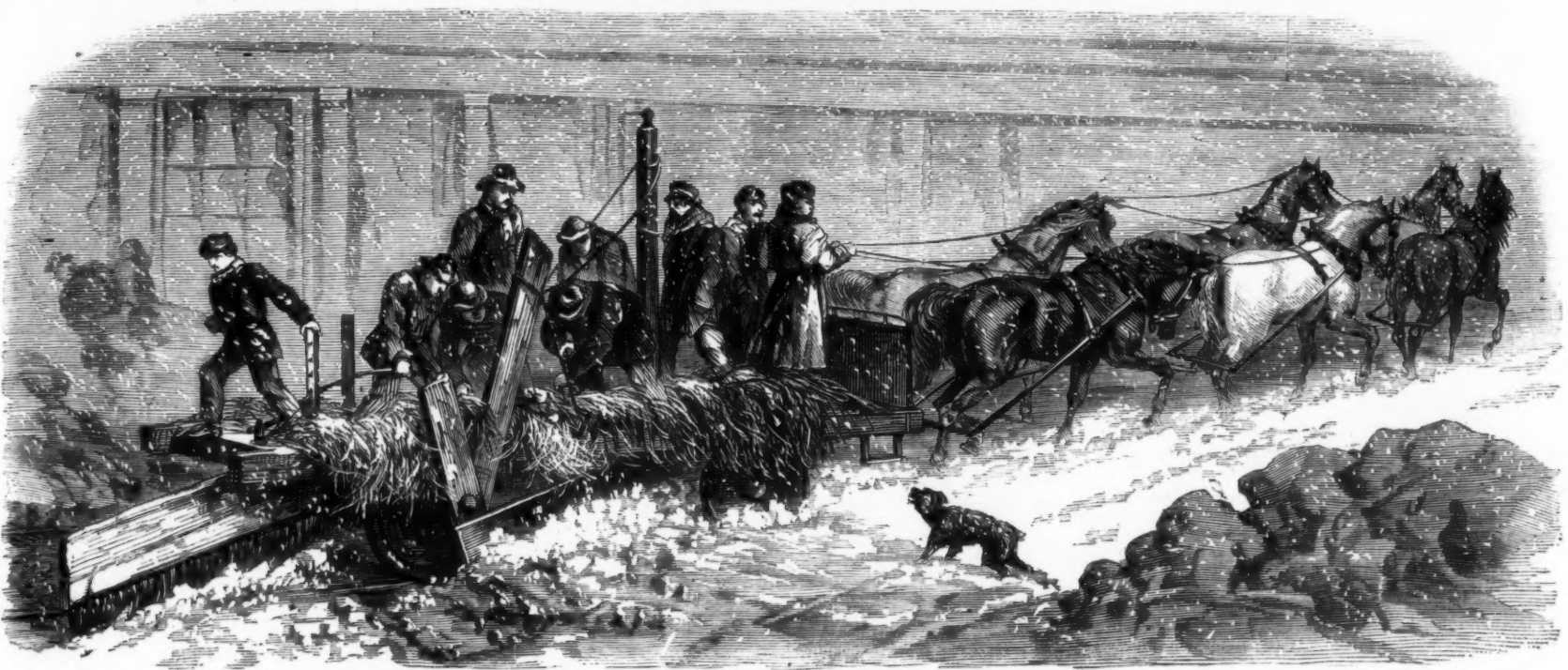
We also give an illustration of the great explosion in the coal-pits at Barnsley, England, by which great numbers of laborers lost their lives. It is now supposed that the explosion was caused by the blacksmith going down the pit with an open lamp, and thus igniting the gas. The loss of life by the series of explosions, for there were several, is greater than has ever occurred before in any one accident. It seems impossible to teach ordinary prudence to persons who are familiar with danger.

Dance of Russian Gipsies before the Prince of Wales, at Moscow, Russia.

After the banquet given by Prince Dolgorouki, the Governor of Moscow, to the Prince of Wales, during his visit, the entertainment was continued with a dance of a dozen or more Russian gipsies, mostly women. Their faces were of the well-known type, to be found all over the world. The costumes were very unlike the dress which we associate with the ragged roadside tents. Those of the women would grace any ball-room. The head-dresses may be somewhat antiquated, but it is difficult now to say what is the fashion of head-dresses. In behavior they were ladies, with the composure and ease natural to all Orientals. Their singing, when all sang, was a wild scream, a tempest of howls; when they sang singly it was very passionate and beautiful. The dancing was peculiar, and its identity with the Indian



THE WRECK OF THE STEAMBOAT COMMODORE, AT HORTON'S POINT, LONG ISLAND, DEC. 27, 1866.



CLEARING THE SNOW FROM THE CITY RAILROAD TRACKS IN ALBANY, N. Y., AFTER THE STORM OF THE 28TH ULT.

match was evident to those who had seen this last. As in the match, the feet have little to do, the arms, hands, and even the fingers, being made the expressive instruments of the poetry of motion.

Review of the Circassian Body-Guard before the Prince of Wales.

This parade took place in the riding-school, said to be the largest covered space in Europe. The Emperor was dressed in the Circassian dress, and the Prince of Wales sat near him on horseback. They came riding by, throwing themselves over the sides of their horses, standing on their saddles, and one even standing on his head, and in these positions loading and firing. Nor are these peculiar positions taken only on parade, they practice them even in war.

The Head of Cardinal Richelieu Restored to the Sorbonne, Paris.

The Cardinal Richelieu was buried in 1694, in the choir of the Sorbonne, the college founded for the education of students in theology. In 1793, during the first French revolution, the tomb was opened and the head stolen from the body by one of the National Guards, but was by him given to M. Armez. In 1801 the tomb itself was removed to the National Museum, but restored in 1815 to the Sorbonne by Louis XVIII. Two hundred and four years, to a day, after his burial, the head was restored to the Sorbonne, and united with the rest of his remains. The head itself is said to be in a wonderful state of preservation, and the lines, though finer than those of his monument by Girardon, representing the cardinal supported by religion, still show that the artist has seized his expression. Our illustration represents this tomb, and the moment when the priest sprinkles holy water upon the head, just before it was lowered into the grave.

The Storm of the 27th and 28th of December, 1866.

We have four illustrations this week of the effect of the storm during the 27th and 28th of December, 1866, which was of unusual force and duration. The first is the wreck of the steamer Commodore in Long Island Sound. This steamer was very old, and quite unseaworthy, as was proved by the result. As soon as she met with rough weather, she became unmanageable, fell away into the trough of the sea, lost her smoke-stacks, and finally drifted ashore at Horton's Point, and went to pieces. The passengers were fortunately all saved by small boats. The testimony goes to show that her timbers had rotted with age. The company can not be too severely censured for sending so old and rickety a craft to sea. The greed for gain which prompts so criminal a tampering with life deserves the severest punishment; and perhaps the public, from whom all law originates, may finally come to take such matters in hand. As it is now, to travel is to run such constant risks of life as the traveler can not guard against, but is forced by the circumstances of the case to subject himself to.

The next illustration is clearing the snow from the city railroad tracks in Albany after the storm. That it is possible to make such a track for city railroads as does not spoil the street for other vehicles has been shown in Liverpool; the tracks first laid down there were such as we have here, and were indicted as nuisances, and have been taken up and replaced by

others, which do not so break the surface of the street as to spoil it for ordinary carriages. Besides the ordinary advantages of such a track, it would not become so easily clogged by snow.

The next illustration shows the railroads completely blocked by the drifts, and the extra exertions necessary to restore them to running order. In some cases, in the Western part of the State, it required six engines to haul the ordinary trains. This scene occurred a few miles out of Troy, N. Y.

Our fourth illustration represents the scene upon the Williamsburg ferry. The strong north-east wind had so forced the water down the bay, and prevented the return of the tide, that the water in the ferry-slips was lower than it has been known for years; and the device we represent had to be used for letting the carts and wagons down upon the boats.

PROF. LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ.

This distinguished naturalist was born on the 28th of May, 1807, in the parish of Mottier, Switzerland, between the lakes Neuchâtel and Mora. His father was a minister. He studied at Zurich, Heidelberg, and Munich, taking a degree of M.D. from the last university, though the natural bent of his mind was toward the natural sciences. His early education was most varied and complete. He studied at Heidelberg anatomy and physiology under Tiedmann, zoology under Luckart, and botany under Bischoff. In Munich he studied with Martins the organization of plants and their geographical distribution; with Dollinger, in whose house he lived, the embryonic development of animals; with Oken he discussed the principles of classification; with Fuchs he studied mineralogy; and for four years he attended the lectures of Schelling upon philosophy. His first publication was the text to the collection of fishes, collected by Spix, in Brazil, during the scientific expedition on the occasion of the marriage of Don Pedro of Brazil with a princess of the house of Austria, but which had been left unclassified by Spix at the time of his death.



PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ, OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The manner in which this work was done placed the young Agassiz at once among the foremost rank of naturalists. The scientific movement which distinguishes this century was at this time definitely marked, and among the distinguished men who have at once aided and been aided by its development Agassiz will always hold a prominent place. His success in this work induced him to abandon his intention of becoming a physician, and devote himself to science. He, however, took a degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Erlangen, and another as Doctor of Medicine at Munich. His dissertation for this last was upon the superiority of women; or, as the Latin title runs—"Femina humans superior mari."

In 1839 he published his "Natural History of the Fresh Water Fishes of Europe." During his studies for this work he conceived and commenced collecting the materials for his great work upon the fossil fishes, the publication of which was ended in 1844, and which occupies five volumes, with a folio atlas, containing about four hundred plates.

While this work was in progress Agassiz formed the friendship with Humboldt, which lasted until the death of that great man, and which was of great service to him in his researches.

It will be impossible in our space to attempt to give a complete list of Agassiz's works; his activity and enthusiasm kept him always busily employed; but among the products of his pen we must mention his "Bibliotheca Zoologica et Geologica," which was first published at the expense of the Ray Society of England, and has since been reissued in four volumes, with additions and amendments by H. Strickland and Sir W. Jardine. Another branch of inquiry in which Agassiz took an important rank was the study of the glaciers and their influence in the geological phenomena. The result of his studies upon this subject appeared in two works, published respectively in 1840 and 1847, and entitled, "Etudes sur les Glaciers," and "Systeme Glaciaire."

From 1846 Agassiz belongs to the history of science in the United States. In the autumn of this year he came to Boston, for the purpose of delivering a course of Lowell lectures in that city. After these he made an extended trip throughout the country, and was offered by Professor Bache, the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, the use of all the facilities afforded by the operations of the Government in the coast survey for continuing his researches. This liberal offer decided Agassiz to remain in this country.

In 1847 the Lawrence Scientific School was founded at Cambridge, Mass., and the professorship of zoology and geology was offered him. This he accepted, and has retained ever since. His position, however, he has made no sincere, but rather a means for increasing his activity. To give an account of all that he has done would require a minute examination year by year, and often month by month. His chief employment has been the classification and arrangement of the immense amount of materials he has collected during his various and extended scientific voyages, and by the donations of friends and others interested in natural history. This collection forms the foundation for the most important of his works now in course of publication, entitled, "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," which has met with a more generous support than perhaps any publication of so purely scientific a nature and so expensive a form has ever before received. The subscription list reaches 2,500, an unparalleled number.

The most recent voyage of Agassiz was to Brazil. He organized a scientific expedition to the Amazon, the entire expenses of which were paid by Mr. Thayer, a banker of Boston. Some of the minor results of this

expedition have appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and it is probable that it will be the basis for a more complete and perfect work. Some of Agassiz's more recent popular publications have met with severe criticism abroad, upon the ground that he has not found in this country the constant friendly emulation which is especially necessary to keep a scientific man fresh and bright. It is feared that he is degenerating into the dogmatism and devotion to his own opinions, with a disregard and perhaps contempt for those of others, which is an unfortunately too apt to characterize men who are isolated, and which is fatal to all real scientific progress. The real man of science seeks only the discovery and development of truth, and his personal aims and reputation are but secondary in this glorious pursuit. Whether such criticism is in this instance unfounded or not can be decided only by the readers of themselves after a careful study of the evidence in the case. We simply notice it as a fact. The influence, however, of Agassiz in this country, in fostering and extending the accurate and liberal study of nature, which, followed in the right spirit, is *par excellence*, the liberal art, cannot be too highly praised nor too gratefully remembered.

TO BESSIE. BY DONALD.

Air: "Oh, my Love is like a red, red Rose."
Oh, Bessie dear, I ne'er can tell
The love I have for thee;
Oh, meet me in yon fairy dell,
Beneath the hawthorn tree.

Down by the hawthorn tree, my dear,
The warbling burnie rings;
Oh, come, my dearie, dinna fear,
The bravest heart aye wins, etc.

As magnet to the pole, my dear,
Sae true's my love for thee,
Where'er I roam, be't far or near,
On land or raging sea,

The hly in yon flow'ry dale
Nae purer is than thee;
The sparkling gem doth surely pale
Beneath thy bonnie e'e.
Beneath thy bonnie e'e, my dear, etc.

Thy rosy lips, thy gowden hair,
Doth haunt me all the while;
Thou drivest me to keen despair
By thy sweet angel smile.

Then, come, my dearie, dinna wait,
Thou'rt world and all to me,
But meet me at the trusty-gate,
Beneath the hawthorn tree.
Beneath the hawthorn tree, my dear, etc.

DRIFTING APART.

"Darius, come in here! I never saw such a slow coach in my life, and I'll bet a dollar you haven't hung up nary a tool outside there. What upon earth you do busy yourself about is more than I can tell. Come, now, eat your supper, and then finish milking the cows."

The tone of the above was anything but pleasant, and the poor fellow thus addressed seated himself at the table, and made rapid inroads into the good things so bountifully set before him.

This was a Rhode Island farm-house, and a perfect sample of the majority of the thrifty farmers' residences. A large, white frame-house, with green blinds; hall running straight through the centre, thus separating the parlor and sitting-room from the dining-room and kitchen; sleeping rooms up-stairs, cool and airy, with their green and white ingrain carpets, and beds nicely made up with coverings of patch-work; wild-geese and herring-bone patterns, in every color of the rainbow. There was nothing out of order or untidy, and if taste may now and then have been lacking from the arrangement, it was amply atoned for in the scrupulous neatness of everything outside and in.

Andrew Sayers was an honest, energetic farmer, and to that vocation he had apprenticed all his boys, and with this exception had turned out well; but Darius obstinately, his father and mother thought, refused to take upon himself either responsibility or labor, and whatever he did to assist was in the way of "chore" and "little odds and ends," which the "hired man" could not find time for.

So Darius ate his supper without a word, pushed back his chair, finished milking according to directions, and then with his book (an article which by the way he never was without, for he had been known to arrange some favorite volume in a convenient position against a stone, when milking even, and thus attended to the intellectual and physical at the same time), Darius drew his chair again to the table, this time divested of its dishes, and a red and black cover substituted in their stead.

"Now, Darius, I just wish to know if you intend spending this whole evening reading again?" said Mrs. Sayers, with considerable emphasis. "If you do your father and I can talk to you till it is time to go to bed, and you won't hear a word on't."

Darius laid down his book, and looked his mother full in the face.

"If you and father have anything particular to say to me, I am ready to listen; but for heaven's sake let it be on some other subject than the farm; I am sick of that—"

"Well now, Darius, you might as well be reasonable; you and your father have got to come to some settlement; and the sooner it is fixed the better. Here you are nigh on to eighteen, and you don't seem to have a particle of spunk in you. Why, when Stephen was your age (Stephen was the first-born), he had four or five hundred dollars laid up, and you haven't got as many cents."

"I can't help that, mother. This isn't the first time you have thrown that in my teeth. Stephen was born a farmer; I wasn't; so that makes the difference." And Darius turned to his

book again, with a look of loneliness and dejection on his handsome young face which was pitiable. Misunderstood, expected to drudge and work month after month, and year after year, with no heart or soul in the occupation, but instead an intense enthusiastic longing for something far different—this was his cross, and every day made it more difficult to bear. Misunderstood! How much of misery clusters around this word!

Darius's pet names were "lazy"—"stupid"—"careless"—"sulky"—and he had become so accustomed to the endearing epithets that he had long since ceased to be wounded by them.

Sayers, senior, sat by the fire-place smoking his clay pipe, and only an occasional grunt testified that he had heard any part of the preceding conversation; but knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he turned to his son, who, by his downcast and averted look, evidently expected an outburst.

"Well, Darius, I should like to know what you expect to do. 'Tain't at all likely that you can live without work no more than the rest on us."

"I am willing to work, father, but I can't work here."

"Maybe the boy wants to go to California to try his luck in the mines?"

"No, sir; nothing of the sort."

"Well, what in thunder is it then? I have tried to think of everything."

"Father, I want to go to college, and don't want to do anything else; and I am sure that unless I can pursue the course I have marked out for myself, I shall be what you have so often called me, 'a nobody.'"

"If that don't beat the Dutch; a son of mine think about going to college! Why, Darius, you are crazy!"

"Perhaps so, father."

"What do you expect to be when you get all your learning?"

"A lawyer, sir."

There was pride in this reply; and Darius arose from his chair, and paced excitedly up and down the room.

"I tell you, father, for the last time, that I never can, never will make a farmer. Such a life would kill me; but I am perfectly capable of achieving distinction in a profession. Father, I never have spoken plainly to you before. You are rich, and amply able to put me through my college course like a gentleman. If you will do so, I swear to you that if my life is spared I will repay you with compound interest. If you will not, then will I find some means to accomplish my purpose, if I am compelled to work part of the time to defray expenses; but I had rather you should assist me. Father, I will make you proud of me one of these days."

Ay, the old man was relenting; for a big tear stood in the corner of his eye, and as he looked into the eager face of his youngest child, now waiting so anxiously for his reply, a certain softness and sympathy lit up the hard lines of the parent's face, and Darius began to hope.

"Come here, and sit down, son. It's no use getting excited. Let's talk the matter over. Why have you never spoke about this before?"

"Because I knew you would think me a fool."

"And yet I don't, Darius. It seemed dreadful kind of shiftless in you not to be willing to take hold and help earn your living to home; and as long as I didn't know, Darius, what you did want, I don't think I was much to blame in finding fault. I might have known that a boy who would sit up all night studying that jaw-breaking Latin and Dutch never would make much working with his hands; but you see I didn't exactly understand it. Darius, you shall go to college, have all the money you need, and dress with the best on 'em."

Darius waited for no more, but grasping his father's hand, while his voice trembled with emotion, said:

"God bless you for this, father—God for ever bless you; you have made me the happiest boy in the universe. Mother, hasn't you a word for me?"

"I hope it will turn out well, that's all; but if it shouldn't happen to amount to anything, there'll be a power of money thrown away."

"Don't worry about the money, mother; I tell you, you never shall lose one cent by me, if my life and health are spared."

"But where are you going, Darius?" inquired his mother, as she saw him making preparations to go out.

"Just down to see Nora a few moments; she'll be so glad for me."

And Darius started off in double-quick, while father and mother looked at each other, as if at a loss to account for the alteration in their son's behavior.

They knew that Darius and Squire Ellis's daughter had been "dreadful thick" ever since they were children, but Darius had never been known to mention her name; and if at any time either of the family teased him about her, he would invariably take his hat and leave the house. But now he had mentioned her of his own accord, and so they sat and speculated on the probabilities of Darius's success until his return from Nora's—which, by-the-way, was some two or three hours after the above conversation.

Nora saw Darius coming down the road, and wondering what had happened to make the usually quiet, undemonstrative fellow change his gait from the slow, plodding step to a gallop almost, ran out to meet him. She saw the change in his expression, too; the sad, woe-begone, discontented look had given place to joy and happiness extreme; Nora knew, and she almost guessed the cause before Darius had opened his mouth.

"Oh, Nora, father has given his consent for me to go to college, and I leave next week! Isn't it splendid news? I feel as if this wasn't Darius Sayers, but some other fellow stepped into his boots!"

Darius waited a moment for the little girl's con-

gratulations, and seeing they were not forthcoming, said, this time a little irritably:

"But, Nora, why do you not tell me you are glad, and bid me God speed?"

"I bid you God speed with all my heart, Dary; and I am so glad, and yet so sorry," and the little maiden burst into tears. "It will be dreadful lonesome without you, Dary; but I know it is all right, and I will try to be cheerful, so as to write you nice long letters. You will wait for them, won't you, dear?"

"Indeed I shall, Nora. There will not be an hour in the day but I shall think of my little darling, way up here, among the bushes. And then we'll have such good times vacations."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Nora again, so mournfully, that Darius bent his head, and caressing her fondly, said:

"Why do you sigh so, little Nora? You do not suppose that anything could ever make me forget my darling, do you?"

"I don't know," his companion slowly articulated; "I hope not. But my heart feels like a dead weight. You already know a great deal more than I do, Dary; and by the time you have finished, and studied your profession, the poor ignorant little country girl will have lost all charm for you. Oh, how I wish I could go to boarding-school! But father is so opposed to such institutions, and so is Aunt Sarah; and there will be no other course than that you drift away, little by little, from poor Nora, till, by-and-by, you will have lost sight of her altogether," and the child burst into another fit of passionate weeping.

"Why, Nora, you are cruel to dim my bright anticipations with such horrible foreshadowings. I swear to you, Nora—"

"No, no, not a thousand times no, Dary! I can believe you without an oath. Make no rash promises; we are both young—you eighteen, I two years younger; four years at college will bring you twenty-two, and, Dary, five long, weary years must elapse before we can be any more to each other than we are at present; and although I am positive that I shall always be as fond of you, and as true to you, as I am this moment, I think we had better remain unfettered by word or bond. We will correspond like brother and sister, and if at the expiration of your studies you continue the same in feeling toward me, why, Dary, here I am already, and waiting for you."

"But, Nora, this is a very strange arrangement. I thought true lovers were always happier engaged?"

"It is for your sake, my dear; you shall not, with my consent, be under any obligation to me. I leave you as free as the wind."

"And yourself too, Nora."

"Necessarily; but, Dary, here I shall be all these years, with nothing save your love to think of—no other hope, no other aim; you will be sought after in society; admired and respected. Such a life will introduce to you acquaintances of whom you never dream here in the country. Your whole life will change. Mine will go on in this steady treadmill style, without variety and without pleasure, except, indeed, what I derive from your letters, and an occasional visit. You see the difference, don't you, dear?"

"I see the difference you are trying to make, Nora; but it is all the result of a disordered imagination. I shall always be as fond and proud of you as I am at this moment, and come what may, I shall never swerve in my allegiance to you."

The next week saw Darius en route for Brown, where he devoted himself, soul and body, to his studies. He was much further advanced than most young men who had received a preparatory academic education. His advancement was wonderful, and at every fresh proof of Dary's intellectual superiority, Nora groaned. Not that she was not glad and proud of his success, but the wall seemed gradually increasing in size, and Nora felt that their separation had commenced in earnest.

Time had slipped along, and Darius entered his senior year. Every vacation had been spent in his native village, and in his heart he believed himself as sincere in his professions of love as when they roamed the fields together and glowingly pictured their future lives. His letters were overflowing with love, and what could unreasonable little Nora ask more? Ah! Nora knew it was just as she had prophesied. In one of the last letters Darius had remarked upon her improved chirography; "but," said he, "you should strive to improve also in your composition. I will send you a rhetoric, and then if you devote yourself pretty steadily to the rules of grammar, I shall soon be as proud of the style as the handwriting."

Nora read and re-read this letter. There was absolutely nothing to her in the four sheets but this sentence. The well-rounded grammatical periods, each so expressive of boundless love and sympathy, weighed nothing.

Darius had found fault with her, and with flushed cheek and flashing eye she tore it into fragments, committed them to the flames, and then sought her father, who was giving directions to some workmen a short distance from the house.

"What is the matter, little girl?" said Squire Ellis, affectionately, patting her cheek. "What's gone wrong? Lover given you mitten?"

"No, father; but I want to go to boarding-school. You have always objected to this, I know, but I have come to plead with you, as I know my darling mother would if she were living. Father, Darius is ashamed of me!"

"What do you say, Nora? ashamed of you? What for?"

"It is precisely as I told him when he went away. He just commences to see how imperfect my letters are; and, father, I love Darius Sayers; but never will I write him another line until I can do so without being ashamed of it myself; and if you have the regard for me which I know I should have for my little girl, you will let me go away

and improve myself, so that no one will have a chance to blush for your daughter."

"What, Nora, has it come to this—that my little bird wants to fly away from her nest, and leave her poor father all alone just on account of that Darius Sayers, a puppy? I wish I had him here; I'd give him an education which he'd remember to his dying day."

"It is no use getting angry, father; not a bit. This is perfectly natural, and no more than I anticipated from the beginning; and it ought to teach you an important lesson, that your daughter, ignorant and uneducated as she is, can be no mate for the intellectual and cultivated; and I am right sure I never could be happy with any other. What do you say, father?"

"Consult your Aunt Sarah; and get ready as fast as you please. The sooner you get quits of this old homestead the better you will feel, I suppose."

Nora threw her father a reproachful look, but she saw he was almost weeping; and, strange to say, the timid little daughter, who had never before attempted to go contrary to her parent's expressed desires, now withstood bravely not only every argument which could be brought against her determination, but tears also.

No young lady ever prepared a boarding-school wardrobe under such trying circumstances, but Nora bustled heroically through the dress-making and plain sewing, once in a while swallowing a big sob as she caught her father's distressed look or Aunt Sarah's tearful eye. Nothing short of a boarding-school in the upper part of New York would suit her. She did not wish to be near Brown, where Darius could visit her—not she.

In the meantime came a letter from her lover, wishing to know why she did not reply to his last letter, wondering if she was ill, or what could have happened to interrupt their correspondence.

She knew that she must send some sort of a reply, but she vowed never to write to him again. However she penned these few brief and comprehensive words:

"DEAR DARY: When you receive this note I shall be at school in New York, endeavoring to learn the art of writing letters, so that you may not be ashamed of them. Our correspondence must cease until I can satisfy myself."

"Yours as ever,"

Nora.

Not one word more. The poor fellow scarcely knew what to do with himself. She had given him no address, so he could not have the poor satisfaction of writing to her; and in a fit of the blues he wrote to Nora's father for directions. The reply was characteristic:

"DARIUS SAYERS: Sir—You write to me for information regarding my daughter's present residence. The probabilities are, if she had wished you to have known she would have informed you herself; and let me tell you, young man, if you never know till you hear it from me, the resurrection will find you ignorant."

"NATHAN ELLIS."

Could it be possible, Darius asked himself, over and over again—could it be possible that the good-natured, amiable Nora had worked herself into a passion over the few words in his letter relative to her intellectual improvement? That was very unlike her, and yet it must be; and then, to cap the climax, she had shown the letter to her father, and he was "down on him" too.

But Darius didn't have much time to grieve. Almost every hour was devoted to study, and so, as Nora had predicted, these two drifted apart. Nora applied herself as industriously as ever Darius had, and a year's study found her progressing finely. Her manners and taste in dress had always been unexceptionable, and Nora was exceedingly fine-looking, and she had been at school but a short time before she became the favorite and presiding genius of the institution. Only once had she been home through the year, and during that time she managed so adroitly that Darius did not catch a glimpse of her. The next year was spent in the same way. Music and the languages were Nora's favorite studies, and a first-class Italian teacher had trained her voice to a high degree of perfectness. So Nora could read, write and sing French and Italian, play with extraordinary skill and feeling, converse fluently and on every imaginable subject, and there really seemed to be no accomplishment that Nora was not mistress of.

Darius had graduated and commenced the study of law in New York. This was just previous to Nora's leaving school.

One Saturday Nora with her room-mate obtained permission to visit the Dunseldorf. She was entirely unconscious that Darius was a resident of the same city. They were examining quite critically a picture by one of our young American artists when Nora heard some voices by her side, and the gentleman's was so like her old lover's that she started and turned around.

There was a gentleman—he certainly did resemble Darius, too—but, then, what heavy whiskers and mustache, and, then, the form was so much more elegant! Nora was confounded. His companion was a young lady, very light, with dazzling complexion and rosy cheeks, dressed in the height of fashion and with a certain *hauteur* about her which did away with any idea of the *demi-monde* in connection with her.

Nora looked and wondered. Could this be Dary? If it was she was sure of one thing—she did not like him half so well as she used. She could not but admit that he was very elegant, very dignified; but he had lost something which possessed a rare charm for her, at the expense of all those exterior acquirements. What was it? Nora didn't know, but concluded she would speak to him, for she was now sure it must be Darius.

So Nora waited until they should again pass, and, smiling sweetly, held out her delicately-gloved hand and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Sayers? This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Excuse me, but is this Miss Ellis?" replied the

rising young lawyer, blushing crimson—Nora could not for her life understand why.

"Why, yes," laughed Nora. "Have I then changed so much? Why, I had to look at you some time before I dared speak."

What was the reason that he did not introduce the lady with him? Surely, Nora thought, common courtesy demanded that; but he did not, and Nora, more insulted than she had ever been before, bade him a haughty good afternoon, and swept past, continuing the examination of pictures, as though nothing had happened.

She had preserved the image of her lover in her heart all these years, and notwithstanding her anger in regard to the letter, she had never since blamed him, but on the contrary perfectly understood and appreciated his feelings. But now that dream with Nora was over. Love had survived years just to be dethroned now. Nora's spirit was proud, and she felt that she could afford to be a little less humble than the ignorant, uneducated country girl of three years ago, and no man should insult her like that without proper resentment. How she wished she had taken no notice of him! But regrets were useless now, and thanking heaven that no shadow of a tie bound them to each other, she prepared to spend her first winter at her uncle's house in one of the most fashionable localities in Gotham.

"I shall come home to you, papa," she wrote one day, "after a short time now, never to leave you again I think. Uncle and aunt are very anxious for me to spend a part of the season with them, and as this is perhaps the only opportunity I shall ever have of mingling among the beau-monde, I have accepted the invitation."

So Nora threw herself into the festivities with a pleasure which was entirely new to her, and here she learned to put into practice the accomplishments she had been so long learning; and to tell the truth, she did well. Admirers were numerous; and among them could be found the brilliant, the intellectual and the distinguished.

One young gentleman seemed particularly attracted to her, and if one may judge anything from the study of the human countenance, the attraction was mutual. This was young Dr. Sanger. His character was irreproachable; his practice excellent; his face and figure all that could be desired. His calls were frequent; his manner lover-like, and one fine evening when aunt and uncle were out, she was not a little surprised to receive an offer of his hand and heart.

Nora was too deeply interested to say no, and the engagement ring was lovingly placed on her little taper finger. The family were well pleased with the arrangement, and Nora was happy and contented as could well be imagined. Soon after this she returned home, and in an incredibly short space of time Dr. Sanger obtained leave of absence from his patients for a few days and followed her.

Squire Ellis was delighted with his future son-in-law, but considerably distressed at the idea of losing her so soon, for the doctor wished the nuptials to be celebrated the coming fall; and so, sorely against the old gentleman's will, the affair was brought to a consummation, and Nora bade her father good-bye tearfully, promising to spend every summer with him, and he was to visit them every winter.

The fine residence was in perfect order for the reception of its new mistress, and Nora, loved almost to distraction by her husband, and admired by a large circle of friends, dispensed the honors gracefully and hospitably, and when her father came to see the surroundings which an education had won for his daughter, he was very glad that Nora for once had her own way, and said he, "You see, doctor, when I thought I was getting Nora ready for that conceited scamp of a Sayers, I didn't much relish it, but now I am as glad as she is."

One evening Nora and her husband attended a large fashionable party at the house of one of their particular friends. Nora, elegant and fascinating in her becoming evening dress, leaning on her husband's arm with a pride she could not conceal, and he, noble and loving, looking down upon his sweet young wife tenderly, were promenading the spacious drawing-room. Nora thought she saw a familiar face—yes, there was Dary and his "girl," the same one she had seen at the Dusseldorf.

"Good evening, Mr. Sayers; I am delighted to see you. Allow me to introduce my husband, Dr. Sanger." And Dr. Sanger and Darius shook hands cordially.

"And now," said Darius, "let me make you acquainted with my wife, Mrs. Sayers."

The ladies embraced, the gentlemen went to an ante-room and came back eating cloves, and Mrs. Dr. Sanger and Mrs. Lawyer Sayers are bosom friends to this day.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE SECOND LECTURE.—MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN AT A TAVERN WITH A FRIEND, AND "IS ENOUGH TO POISON A WOMAN" WITH TOBACCO-SMOKE.

"I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman! I don't know who'd tie themselves up to a man, if they knew only half they'd have to bear. A wife must stay at home and be a drudge, whilst a man can go anywhere. It's enough for a wife to sit like Cinderella by the ashes, whilst her husband can go drinking and singing at a tavern. You never sing? How do I know you never sing? It's very well for you to say so; but if I could hear you, I dare say you're among the worst of 'em."

"And now, I suppose, it will be the tavern every night? If you think I'm going to sit up for you, Mr. Caudle, you're very much mistaken. No; and I'm not going to get out of my warm bed to let you in, either. No; nor Susan shall sit up for you. No; nor you shall have a latch-key. I'm not going to sleep with the door upon the latch, to be murdered before the morning."

"Faugh! Pah! Whewgh! That filthy tobacco-smoke! It's enough to kill any decent



"HE'D TAKEN THE KEYS OUT OF HIS DEAR WIFE'S POCKET."

woman. You know I hate tobacco, and yet you will do it. You don't smoke yourself? What of that? If you go among people that do smoke, you're just as bad, or worse. You might as well smoke—indeed better. Better smoke yourself than come home with other people's smoke all in your hair and whiskers.

"I never knew any good come to a man who went to a tavern. Nice companions he picks out there! Yes; people who make it a boast to treat their wives like slaves, and ruin their families. There's that wretch, Harry Prettyman. See what he's come to. He doesn't now get home till two in the morning; and then in what a state! He begins quarreling with the door-mat, that his poor wife may be afraid to speak to him. A mean wretch! But don't you think I'll be like Mrs. Prettyman. No; I wouldn't put up with it for the best man that ever trod. You'll not make me afraid to speak to you, however you may swear at the door-mat. No, Mr. Caudle, that you won't."

"You don't intend to stay out till two in the morning? How do you know what you'll do when you get among such people? Men can't answer for themselves when they get boozing one with another. They never think of their poor wives, who are grieving and wearing themselves out at home. A nice headache you'll have to-morrow morning—or rather this morning; for it must be past twelve. You won't have a headache? It's very well for you to say so, but I know you will; and then you may nurse yourself for me. Ha! that filthy tobacco again! No; I shall not go to sleep like a good soul. How's people to go to sleep when they are suffocated?"

"Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll be nice and fill in the morning! But don't you think I'm going to let you have your breakfast in bed, like Mrs. Prettyman. I'll not be such a fool. No; nor I won't have discredit brought upon the house by sending for soda-water early, for all the neighborhood to say, 'Caudle was drunk last night.' No; I've some regard for the dear children, if you haven't. No; nor you shall have broth for dinner. No; a neck of mutton crosses my threshold, I can tell you."

"You won't want soda, and you won't want broth? All the better. You wouldn't get 'em if you did, I can assure you.—Dear, dear, dear! That filthy tobacco! I'm sure it's enough to make me as bad as you are. Talking about getting divorced—I'm sure tobacco ought to be good grounds. How little does a woman think when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned! You men contrive to have it all of your own side, you do. Now, if I was to go and leave you and the children, a pretty noise there'd be! You, however, can go and smoke no end of pipes and—You didn't smoke? It's all the same, Mr. Caudle, if you go among smoking people. Folks are known by their company. You'd better smoke yourself than bring home the pipes of all the world."

"Yes, I see how it will be. Now you've once gone to a tavern, you'll always be going. You'll be coming home tipsy every night; and tumbling down and breaking your leg, and putting out your shoulder, and bringing all sorts of disgrace and expense upon us. And then you'll be getting into a street fight—oh! I know your temper too well to doubt it, Mr. Caudle—and be knocking down some of the police. And then I know what will follow. It must follow. Yes, you'll be sent for a month or six weeks to the treadmill. Pretty thing that for a respectable tradesman, Mr. Caudle, to be put upon the treadmill with all sorts of thieves and vagabonds, and—there again, that horrible tobacco!—and riff-raff of every kind. I should like to know how your children are to hold up their heads after their father has been upon the treadmill?—No, I won't go to sleep. And I'm not talking of what's impossible. I know it will all happen—every bit of it. If it wasn't for the dear children, you might be ruined, and I wouldn't so much as speak about it, but—oh, dear, dear! at least you might go where they smoke good tobacco—but I can't forget that I'm their mother. At least they shall have one parent."

"Taverns! Never did a man go to a tavern who didn't die a beggar. And how your pot-compan-

ions will laugh at you when they see your name in the Gazette. For it must happen. Your business is sure to fall off, for what respectable people will buy toys for their children of a drunkard? You're not a drunkard! No, but you will be—it's all the same."

"You've begun by staying out till midnight. By-and-by 'twill be all night. But don't you think, Mr. Caudle, you shall ever have a key. I know you. Yes; you'd do exactly like that Prettyman, and what did he do only last Wednesday? Why, he let himself in about four in the morning, and brought home with him his pot-companion, Puffy. His dear wife woke at six and saw Prettyman's dirty boots at her bed-side. And where was the wretch, her husband? Why, he was drinking down-stairs—swilling. Yes, worse than a midnight robber, he'd taken the keys out of his dear wife's pockets—ha! what that poor creature has to bear!—and had got at the brandy. A pretty thing for a wife to wake at six in the morning, and instead of her husband, to see his dirty boots!"

"But I'll not be made your victim, Mr. Caudle, not I. You shall never get at my keys, for they shall lie under my pillow—under my own head, Mr. Caudle."

"You'll be ruined, but if I can help it, you shall ruin nobody but yourself."

"Oh, that hor—hor—hor—i—ble tob—ac—co!"

To this lecture Caudle affixes no comment. A certain proof, we think, that the man had nothing to say for himself.

HARRY RENDALL'S RUSE.

BLANCHE ADELPHORD bounded gracefully into the saddle, and turned a smiling face to the gentleman who was to be her companion in a long ride through a portion of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. There was mirth and gaiety, wit and good-nature written in each classic feature of this Boston belle—who was spending the season at a fashionable summer resort in the country. Her dress and style were unexceptionable, and the horse she rode seemed to catch the animating spirit of its rider, as he arched his slender neck and pricked up his finely-shaped ears.

Her companion, Harry Rendall, was tall, dark, and more than ordinarily fine-looking. A generous, noble soul shone through his expressive eyes, and lit up the whole face; but now the pleasant smile had given place to a look of deep dejection; and there was a nervous tremor of the full lips which did not escape the notice of the young lady, who apparently saw nothing save the glorious view, and who caroled a little song with as much unconcern as if the man's heart were not almost breaking with its pent-up fears and anxieties.

They rode along some little time without speaking, until Blanche suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh! Mr. Rendall, what a delightful evening. Just look at that group of clouds yonder, and count the colors: sapphire, amethyst, crimson, scarlet, cerulean—every shade of drab to the darkest brown, and then that heavenly background. Isn't it splendid?"

No answer; and Blanche turned from the survey and looked inquiringly into the gentleman's eyes.

"Not looking, I declare. Well, that is provoking. Are all your friends dead, Mr. Rendall, that you appear so lugubriously?"

"I never had a friend, Miss Adelford."

"Nonsense, Mr. Rendall; you are in one of your blue moods again this afternoon, and I have half a mind not to be the least sympathetic. Are you troubled with dyspepsia, sir?"

It would have done an observer good to have seen the comical expression which played round the vixen's mouth as she asked this last question in an artless, matter-of-fact manner peculiarly her own.

"Dyspepsia!" articulated Harry, in disgust; "you know, Blanche, I am perfectly well."

"Oh, but dyspepsia will make one awfully blue! My brother Tom suffered from it all one winter, and do you believe, the poor fellow actually labored under the stupid delusion that he was in love," and Blanche's laugh rang out musically,

and died away in little silvery ripples among the trees. "Mother finally persuaded him to consult our family physician, and after a short time he was cured, perfectly restored to enjoyment, and a thorough appreciation of this world's comforts; and I doubt very much if he has ever given his charmer a serious thought since. So you can readily perceive that one can have a physical ill and scarcely be aware of it; and, worse than all, make the stupid mistake of supposing it a mental malady entirely."

"Miss Adelford, you are a trifle. Shall we return?" and, without waiting for a reply, turned his horse's head in the direction of the hotel. But Blanche, more vexed than she cared to admit, when she saw what effect her thoughtlessness had produced, touched her pony with the whip, and started off at a lively canter, leaving the bewildered and offended young man far in the rear.

His native gallantry and good common sense returned after a moment or two of hesitation, and he again turned, this time urging his horse into a quick trot, in order to overtake her and apologize.

"What am I pursuing?" he asked himself aloud. "An *ignis fatuus*—a will-o'-the-wisp—a mockery—a cheat—a lovely woman without heart or soul. How shall I struggle against this infatuation? I am sacrificing my manliness, my self-respect; making myself a laughing-stock for fools, with no power of resistance. Since Eve, I do not believe there has been another woman made like Blanche Adelford."

So he rode on, musing and talking to himself. But he had not yet come up with Blanche, and knowing there was no other road by which she could return home, unless by an almost unfrequented bridle-path through the woods, he dismounted, and, allowing his horse to graze, seated himself on the side of the road to wait.

Now Harry's horse had a bad reputation for throwing his riders, but Harry had always professed to know exactly the *modus operandi* of management; and as he reclined, wondering what course he had best pursue in future, a bright thought flashed across his mind, and he exclaimed:

"I'm blessed if I don't try it!"

And throwing his riding-cap and whip in different directions, he selected a place at the foot of an embankment, and in close proximity to a stone-wall, and stretched himself out at full length.

Blanche rode on, vexed and miserable, for, with all her waywardness and assumed indifference, the very depths of her heart were stirred, and she loved Harry Rendall deeply and devotedly. She endeavored to account for her strange conduct, but what woman could ever throw light on her own caprices, however capable she may be of elucidating other's?

So Blanche turned her pony homeward. The sun had gone down in a flood of glory, and the colors she had so admired seemed melting into each other, but the scene had lost its loveliness, and Blanche's enthusiasm seemed suddenly to have left her, for she no longer turned her gaze heavenward.

"Of course, I ought to be ashamed of myself. Poor Harry! I wonder what makes him so sensitive? He should know that I was only joking. Last evening"—and a little mischievous smile played round the young lady's mouth at the recollection—"how awfully jealous he was, just on account of that Danish polka with Carleton; but of course he had no right to be, because he had never told me that he loved me, and what business had I to take it for granted?"

But this was sophistry, and Blanche knew it well, for the brown eyes grew heavy with tears, and the beautiful lips caught the sad tremor, as she added:

"But I never gave him a chance, poor dear; and yet how I love him. No wonder he thinks me heartless."

Blanche came to a bend in the road, and the first object that met her eyes was Harry's horse quietly grazing in the field beyond. Blanche's heart stood still. A little further on her eager eye caught sight of his cap and riding-whip by the side of the road, and next—oh, heavens! there was Harry himself. What should she do? No house within sight; he might be dead. Poor Blanche hastily dismounted, and gathering up the folds of her riding-habit, proceeded hastily to the spot.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! My God, what have I done? How can I exist after this? Killed my best friend!" and loving hands lifted the dear head into her lap, and bitter tears fell thick and fast on the pale upturned face.

"Perhaps he has only fainted. Oh, Harry, darling, it is your own Blanche, who loves you more than all the world beside. Do listen to me."

Now Blanche unbuttoned her vest and laid her little hand over the heart, which was tumultuously throbbing with this new, unexpected joy, and half beside herself with delight, exclaimed:

"Thank God, not dead. Harry, dear Harry, speak to me!"

Very slowly the dark eyes unclosed, and love, unutterable love, beamed forth, causing the rich blood to mount to Blanche's cheek, and the poor child, now entirely overcome, burst into a perfect tempest of tears.

"And so you do love me, Blanche. Tell me so again, dearest. It is the sweetest music I ever listened to."

"But where are you hurt, Harry, and how will you ever get home?"

"The same way I came, darling. I simply tumbled down here to take a nap and await your return."

"And your horse didn't throw you?"

"No dear. What man? You suppose such a thing? Haven't I told you a thousand times that Nero and I perfectly understand each other?"

was his cool reply.

Blanche made a move to go, but love detained her, and with downcast eyes she listened to his earnest appeal. The vixen was caught at last, and yielded gracefully to the bondage. But to this day she does not know that Harry's nap by the stone wall was a plot to draw from her a confession of love, or to assure himself beyond a peradventure of the opposite feeling.

Suffice it to say he was thoroughly convinced, and no happier man caroused a little while than Harry Rendall.



THE GREAT SNOW STORM OF DEC. 28TH, 1866—THE BLOCKADE OF THE RAILWAYS.—SEE PAGE 277.

The Massacre of U. C. Troops at Fort Philip Kearney.

Our full-page illustration represents this massacre. A detachment of nearly ninety soldiers was surrounded about four miles from Fort Philip Kearney,

in Dakota Territory, by the Sioux and Cheyennes Indians. Not a man escaped to tell the tale. It is now reported that Colonel Carrington, who is in command of the fort, has been relieved, and will be ordered under arrest for trial on charges of carelessness in the performance of his duty, it being claimed that he could have prevented the massacre.

It would seem as though it might be possible to so arrange matters as to preclude these constantly occurring massacres. Either the Indian tribes should be treated with such constant and uniform justice and firmness as would make them strongly our friends, or else, when the necessity arises, with such severity as would show them how much for their disadvantage it is to be hostile. It is difficult to dispossess ourselves of the idea that the

first course would be successful if really tried. The Indians are, of course, still savage, and consequently not entirely amenable to the rules which govern civilized nations; but all men are naturally affected by justice, and they are not probably an exception to this universal rule. We cannot claim that we are not to blame in many cases where the disputes have arisen, and a want of justice in us is as bad as a massacre in them.



THE EFFECT OF THE GALE OF DEC. 27TH AND 28TH ON THE FERRIES—LOWERING LOADED WAGONS ON BOARD THE FERRY BOAT AT THE FOOT OF SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, L. I. SEE PAGE 277.

THE MASSACRE OF UNITED STATES AND PS BY THE SIOUX AND CHEYENNE INDIANS, NEAR FORT PHILIP HARNY DAKOTA TERRITORY, DECEMBER 22ND, 1863



A FADED LEAF.

BY BEN. BURLING STANTON.

A FADED leaf? A faded leaf?

'Tis but a faded leaf to you—
You care not when nor where it grew;
It brings you neither joy nor grief!

You see October's yellow sun;
You feel the cold, autumnal wind
Of some dead year you've left behind;
Your thoughts are with the year begun.

It has no lips—it can't implore;
You see no record written here:
A relic of some by-gone year—
A faded leaf, but nothing more.

You live in, not the parts, the whole;
Each day the same, the same each night—
The same the red rose and the white;
For yours is not a poet's soul.

It has a language of its own:
A silent voice, from lips unseen,
Comes upward; and I hear again
The sweetest words I've ever known!

It bears a record I have read;
As memory's shuttle comes and goes,
It holds a mirror up that throws
The light upon a hope that's dead!

Ah, midnight hair of Italy!
Ah, petite form, and dainty hand,
And eyes, and lips! I can't withstand
The tears that come with thoughts of thee!

We walked within the silent wood:
You plucked it from the mother tree;
You gave this crimsoned leaf to me:
You spoke not, but I understood.

I guard it with a lover's care,
I prize it for thy memory's sake:
It bears a charm I would not break—
More sacred than a silent prayer!

Since then a year has come and gone:
A white-robed Winter lies between;
The Spring has come, the leaves are green,
But now I walk the woods alone!

TWENTY-SEVEN AND TWENTY-EIGHT;

OR,

THE MESMERIST'S STRATAGEM.

SEVERAL years since I was an agent for a firm which, among other commodities, dealt in lumber. I had gradually worked my way up from errand-boy through the intervening grades of tally-keeper and clerk to my present position, and in the future I could faintly discern an edifice—an air-castle, if you will, but to me more substantial than the Fata Morgana; for, instead of fading into an airy nothing, it yearly grew brighter and descended toward terra-firma—which assumed the proportions of a partnership—that is, a partnership embodied, or embodied, but transparent, through the transparency of which I saw the counterpart of myself, and that of the image which rose and fell at every heart-beat.

Our house dealt largely with parties in South-Eastern Virginia, along the line of the York and Pamunkey rivers, and I was obliged to make frequent visits to that section in the interest of the firm.

At first, the novelty, the change from the hard, beaten track of my daily life at the office, was extremely inspiring, for I am fond of travel; but, after a time, when I had, as it were, become personally acquainted with every noticeable feature of the three routes then accessible, the monotony of the way was exceedingly irksome.

I wished for something to vary this everlasting sameness—to be shipwrecked, thrown from the track when going at a moderate rate of speed, to fall overboard, and be saved, of course; and sometimes, when, as we paddled the phosphorescent waters of the land-locked Chesapeake, the silver rim of the new moon cut its clear outline in a hazy night-cloud, and roused superstitious fancies that peopled the distant hillocks of the "eastern shore" with elves and imps, I have been tempted to seek the steamer's boat and steal away from the commonplace conversation of the languid groups on the moon-lit deck, away from the rush and gurgle of the parted waters, and gaze upon the gambols of the self-created, green-sward phantoms. Anything that, while it did not permanently hinder me in the execution of my duties, would satiate my longing for something new.

At length I had my wish. My visits to Virginia were usually absorbed by valuations, bills and receipts, and often necessitated the expenditure of considerable sums of money, which, in the forms of bank-notes, I carried in an inner breast-pocket.

"There it will be safe," I would say to myself, when I received from the cashier a more bulky bundle than usual; "and protected by this"—here I would tap the softened outline of a Derringer which bore its com'any—"the man must be wide-awake who would dispossess me of it."

I had permission to be absent a fortnight. My business and time of travel would occupy six days; abstracting two more for Sundays, left six for hunting, fishing and adventure, if such a thing could possibly jut out in my humdrum path. But why not? "It's a long lane," etc., and I was mortal. The lane had turned for other mortals; and why not for me?

A son of the elder member of the firm accompanied me; and I presume it was partly on his account, he being in poor health, that my leave of absence was granted.

We arrived in Baltimore about an hour before the departure of the Norfolk boat, upon which

we were to take passage. Our guns, fishing-tackle, oilskin-suits, all the paraphernalia of amateur sportsmen, were safely aboard, and we took a position on the upper deck, commanding a view of the gangway, to observe the bustle on the wharf.

There were yet huge piles of freight coming and to come aboard, and it afforded us considerable amusement to watch the frantic struggles of a thoroughly unhinged, purty and perspiring individual, who, though oft repulsed, yet returned to charge the serried ranks of boat-hands, who blocked up the gangway with their bulky burdens, the anxiety of the would-be belated passenger suffering no diminution by the slow motion of the huge paddles which, like trained athletes, were engaged in a trial of their capacities, preliminary to setting out upon the long race; or by the still slower clang of the first of a series of last bells, which leaves one in doubt as to which immediately precedes the departure of the steamer.

Of all the busy crowd but one preserved his equilibrium. An elegantly attired young man reclined against a post in the shade of the office, playing with a bunch of keys pendent from a heavy watch-chain, a barely visible smile curling upward the corners of a dark mustache as he noted the rude rebuffs of the struggling passenger.

"I have seen that face before," was my unuttered thought. "But where?"

I ran over all the faces I could recollect having seen for years back, but failed to locate it. Still further back, to days that seemed ogygian in their apocryphal dimness. Memory can go no further. "Who is he? Is that one of the cosmopolitan faces, which we are so often deceived into thinking we have known before; or have I really—ah, yes! I know."

Suddenly starting up he turned slightly and I obtained a profile view. At that moment he turned about and glanced toward us, encountering my eye. He seemed just in the least confused, and drew away, but in the next instant, as if changing his mind, he faced about, gazed earnestly at me, then raised his hat politely, and walked toward the gangway.

There are moments in one's life amid the conflicting rush of memories that for an instant seem accurately, distinctly delineated just beyond the range of mind, but inchoate as seen from our position within the line which separates the distant from the present past, when the mental tablets reverse their order, and the occurrences of to-day grow misty behind the upheaved record.

Eighteen years of my life were ruthlessly swept away, and I was again a boy. My mother was dead; my father I knew not where. The only human being who was interested in me, or for whom I felt any attachment, was a miserly old man who employed me to run his errands, do the little household he required, and prevent depredations upon his garden, which latter duty I performed, assisted by spring-guns, traps and other snares lying in ambush to punish the dishonest.

Marvin, my protector, ruled me with a rod of iron. He was stern, relentless, and when he hated, it was with a ferocity unworthy of man. To me, he appeared to be one of those men occasionally met in the world, from whose grim souls has been irremediably crushed out all of the boy that ever existed in them. To him—though I doubt whether he ever cast a backward glance at it—childhood was a dreary blank, best sealed and consigned to oblivion.

We lived in the outskirts of a village, but a short distance from the tavern, which was a rendezvous for the worst spirits of the community.

Gilroy—I never heard him addressed by any other title—was a habitual drunkard, a tavern bully, between whom and Marvin existed an implacable feud.

The village boys, encouraged by the men, were accustomed to regard "Old Hunk" as the legitimate object of their ribald flings, and his garden as the appropriate theatre of their pilfering exploits. Gilroy, chief among the men in bounding them on.

As might be expected, their hatred of Marvin extended to his protégé. Gilroy had a nephew of my own age, a bright, curly-headed boy, George Harwood, by name, whom I could have loved had he permitted me to do so, but he was the most implacable of my youthful assailants.

One afternoon, while Marvin was schooling me after his own manner, a cry of terror and pain arose from the garden. We rushed out and saw Gilroy endeavoring to release George from a trap into which he had inadvertently stepped while stripping the peaches from Marvin's favorite tree.

One of the spring-guns, loaded with fine shot, pointed directly at the struggling boy. Attached to the weapon was a long cord, one end of which lay near me on the ground. I seized it, but seeing that Harwood or Gilroy must receive the contents, hesitated.

"Pull it!" shouted Marvin.

"It's pointed right at his head," I exclaimed.

"Pull it, you scoundrel!" screamed Marvin, making for me with a heavy cudgel, almost beside himself.

I gave the string a twitch, and the boy fell into Gilroy's arms, who, at that moment, succeeded in opening the trap. He sprang over the garden wall with the wounded boy, and disappeared.

From that day I had not seen Harwood, but there came rumors of a fearful oath which Gilroy had compelled him to swear, the conditions of which were that my life must atone for the injury done by my hand.

In the course of time the circumstance passed from my mind, and for years I had not bestowed a thought upon the man, who, I was now convinced, stood before me, with a vivid remembrance of the cowardly act, and a determination to fulfill the conditions of his oath.

His step was on the stairway on the deck behind my chair before I turned. I felt his presence.

It seemed as if we were being incorporated, to my detriment I knew, but I was helpless.

I rose and faced him. He was fair to look upon. His face was such an one as would captivate the love of women and the respect of men at first sight. But what is the appropriate designation for that indefinable sensation that caused me to blench for a moment before his gaze? Was it the almost imperceptible curl at the corners of the mouth, and the dreamy, and yet the not dreamy faint shrug of the eyelids, that made me involuntarily place my hand on the breast-pocket which contained my twenty-seven thousand dollars and their guardian.

"If I am not mistaken," he began, "I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. —"

"Brown," I suggested, impelled by an unexplainable motive.

"No; not Brown, but —"

"Thompson," said my inward monitor for me.

"No; wrong again," he said, with a shadow of a smile, "not Brown, or Thompson, but —"

He turned his eyes full upon mine. "Cameron," said I in despair.

"Yes, Cameron, thank you for recollecting it. We have met before?"

"I think—I believe so," said I.

"Many years ago?"

"Yes."

"You recollect me?"

"Like a dream."

"Ah! yes. As your memory is possibly as treacherous as mine—so far as names are concerned—what is the matter with the pocket?" as he took out his card-case—"here is my card."

I took it and read—"Mr. William Orton."

"Is that —"

"Yes, that is my name." With a quick glance at my companion. "My room is No. 27. I shall hope to see you there in a half hour."

He moved toward the stairway with a graceful, gliding, serpentine sort of gait, but turned just before descending, looked at me intently, played a moment with his watch-guard, and repeated:

"Twenty-seven."

Then he was gone, and with a sigh of relief, I sank into my chair.

Poultny, my companion, sat gazing at me with an air of wonderment, which I did not attempt to diminish by an explanation.

"By George! Cameron," he said, after a long pause, "he is a splendid-looking fellow."

"Who?" I asked, as if I was not thinking of the same individual.

"Who? Why, your friend."

"My friend! Ah! yes, you mean—Orton?"

"Of course; who else? I think you might have introduced us."

"I will," I replied, absently.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Cameron? you look as gloomy as a withered suitor."

"Do I?" said I, affecting a laugh. "It must be owing to the heat; and you know I have an affection of the head."

He scrutinized me narrowly, but I evaded his eye, and rose to go below. He followed, and I knew in a state of mystification. I felt that some explanation was due him, but how to make it, how even to introduce it, was at that moment beyond my power.

As we reached the lower deck Orton met us, and, as we passed him, he bent toward me, and said:

"Twenty-seven."

I felt my breast-pocket.

The veritable last bell rang, the gang-planks were drawn in. "All aboard!" shouted some one, the broad paddles dashed into the water, the sound of escaping steam mingling, and we were off.

"Twenty-seven—twenty-seven. What is there in that number? It is a common one."

"Twenty-seven is the number of the room. Yes. But there is something else—ah, I have it."

I placed my hand upon my breast-pocket. "Twenty-seven thousand dollars. Twenty-seven and one are twenty-eight"—tapping the softened outline of the Derringer—"and twenty-eight shall insure me possession of my twenty-seven."

I said this in confidence to myself, and it enabled me to overcome, in a measure, my vague feeling of dread.

"But twenty-seven is not yet exhausted," said a voice at my elbow—at least, I thought so, and turned around, expecting to see my new-found acquaintance. Nobody was near me, however, and I set the voice down to imagination.

"Twenty-seven not yet exhausted? No, there it is again. What day is this? The twenty-seventh of August! Why, this is my birthday! I am twenty-seven years old! Now, this is interesting; nothing but twenty-seven."

"Take it up to Twenty-seven," said a voice at a little distance; "that is the number of my room, I believe."

Orton was directing a waiter where to take his satchel.

"Shall I see you soon?" he said, as he followed the waiter.

"Yes," I replied, and turned away.

"What can he want?" I asked myself, as I made my way to a seat on the upper deck, leaving Poultny at the ticket-office.

Before I could frame a reply my hand slipped up to my breast-pocket.

"Curse the money!" I said, fiercely, and immediately retracted. "If it was only mine."

A vision of domestic felicity for an instant ousted twenty-seven from my mind. "Back to your master!" I crushed the dishonest thought.

We were passing Fort McHenry. Influenced by something, I counted the black "dogs of war" that peeped from their embrasures.

"What! twenty-seven again? There may be a mistake."

I counted them again—"Twenty-seven," and the steamer veered out to pass Lazaretto Point, and the east face of the fort came into view, hiding the guns I had already enumerated; I counted those now in view—"Twenty-seven."

"I am haunted by that number! Have the days of necromancy returned?"

"Is there a Mr. Cameron here?"

One of the waiters spoke.

"That is my name. What do you want?"

"A gentleman in number Twenty-seven, forward saloon, wishes to see you."

"That number again!" I closed my eyes tightly, and it was graven in fiery characters on parti-colored sheen of inward vision.

"It is not a remarkable number. If it was seen playing these pranks, I would not be so much surprised; but twenty-sev—"

"Eye of newt and tooth of frog—scale of dragon, tooth of wolf—cool it with a baboon's blood—grease that's sweated from a murderer's gibbet—twenty-seven."

I could not help running them over.

"Well did the 'weird sisters' thus number the ingredients of their caldron—but I am not 'Thane of Cawdor.' What connection have I with that number? Yes, what—ah! I have; for twenty-seven is now waiting for me. Twenty-eight, to your ward I commit my twenty-seven."

The state-room door was open, and I entered. Orton—as I must now call him—seated in one of the two chairs with which the apartment was furnished, politely pointed me to the other. He then closed the door, and, reseating himself, puffed thoughtfully at a half-burned cigar, and contemplated the ceiling. At length he broke the silence:

"It does one good to meet an old acquaintance in this inhospitable world!"

"Yes."

But feeling myself called upon to say something further, I added:

"And where one least expects it."

He looked at me keenly, and I hesitated.

"It is all the more a pleasure, you would say."

"Just what I was about to remark."

"A remarkable coincidence of thought, but not so remarkable as our meeting. I was as firmly convinced to-day, while standing on the wharf at Baltimore, that I would meet you, as I am that you are sitting there before me."

"Indeed!" I murmured.

"And what is still more remarkable, although it is now nearly twenty years since I saw you last, your features were as vividly impressed upon me as if our youthful days were but a matter of yesterday. I do think you retain your expression of countenance remarkably well."

"And you yours; though, as I have met so many, and faces once familiar have been obliterated from memory, I could not locate you for a long time; but I knew I had seen you somewhere. It was only when I saw —"

"This, you mean," said he, as I hesitated, pointing to a number of minute discolorations upon his forehead, which were fully revealed when he raised his hair.

"It awakens unpleasant memories, but I must admit that, through them, I obtained a clue to your identity."

"You should remember them, if any one; but I bear no malice now, though, when I was younger, if we had met in this way, it might have been as enemies. By-the-by, I think it quite romantic. I must tell you the story; that is, since the day you gave me my twenty-seven mark, as I call it."

"Twenty-seven again!" I exclaimed, with a start.

"Oh! that's a familiar number—it's a favorite of mine," said he, with a smile. "But you are ill?" noticing my face, which I knew was pale, and chilling with a cold perspiration. "Take a draught of this," producing a flask from his satchel.

"An affection of the head," I stammered, as I took the proffered flask, which was nearly emptied when I returned it.

"Now, you are better," he said, "your health—or mine—or both; for this is my twenty-seventh birthday; and, if I am not mistaken, we are about the same age."

"Yes, I am twenty-seven to-day," I said, trying to appear composed.

"Twenty-seven years," he muttered, thoughtfully; "but during that time I have seen many vicissitudes. Do you know," said he, aloud, "that I have sometimes thought myself the Wandering Jew, rejuvenated for the continuance of my erratic movements?"

"A strange fancy, in truth," I replied.

"It may seem strange to others, but not to me. My occupations may have something to do with these wild fancies, which, at intervals, possess me."

"Your occupations?" I ventured.

"Yes. I suppose there is not a person in the world who has dabbled more than I in strange arts and sciences."

"Ah!"

"Among a multiplicity of other pursuits, I have been a spiritual lecturer, a clairvoyant, a phrenologist; a few years since I was an assistant to an old dotard, who, though sane on other points, still believed in, and practiced alchemy; an astrologer; passed a portion of my life in a gipsy camp; have been a medicine-man among the Sioux, and am now expounding the beautiful science of mesmerism."

Here he fixed his half-closed eyes on mine. For an instant I was fascinated—seemed passing from myself to him—but I recollected my pocket-book, and after a struggle, overcame the powerful effect of his glance. A touch told me that twenty-seven was safe; and twenty-eight; but the weapon was useless in such a conflict.

"Oh! you need not be alarmed," he said, smiling; "I do not practice the art upon my friends."

"Oh, no! of course not," I muttered, unintelligibly. "I suppose your change of name was made for convenience, or effect, when lecturing?"

"Yes; that was the idea; not because I should be ashamed of the name I received from my parents. But to the story: You recollect the day I received from you my twenty-seven mark?"

"I ought to—to-day, at any rate," I replied.
"Oh, yes!—certainly;—why not? And to-day, of all others! Well, you know I disappeared immediately afterward?"

"Yes, I know."
"Did you ever hear of the oath Gilroy made me swear?"

My eyes opened wide, and, it seemed to me, shot out sparks directed at me.

"Yes, I heard of it," I replied, almost terrified, but striving to wear an unconcerned aspect.

"I took that oath willingly at the time; and I may say now, without ill-feeling, that, during my wanderings, until lately, I was spurred on by that oath, together with its cause—this brand I shall wear to the grave; this twenty-seven-fingered hand of doom, pointing at you—bearing your image!—look!"

He seized my hand and drew me toward him as with a madman's strength. I saw his terrible eyes, flashing wildly; his nostrils, fearfully contracted; his long mustache, curling up and straightening out like the whiskers of an enraged cat, and the black hair, framing a terribly white face; but all these only as insignificant accessories. The twenty-seven blue scars outlined a human profile, and—"God of heaven!" that outline was the profile of my own face!

"Nemesis lies bleeding!—powerless! dead!" he cried, tragically, and the fearful tableau was ended.

"Oh! you need not be alarmed. I never practice the art upon my friends," said he, smiling, as I rose and sat myself, faint and sick; and, not daring to raise my hand, inspired deeply, and threw out my breast, to assure myself that twenty-seven was still there.

It was; and twenty-eight; but—it held no silver bullet!

"I have lived," he mused, aloud—"I have lived through years of toil, suffering, danger. I have lived when life was hell, and death, heaven—when each throbbing fibre of agonized nature strained with life—but to be overcome, and thrust back into being—when the branded image barbed its inward points, and, urged by fierce despair, harrowed deep into my seething brain the burning seeds of revengeful memory, which grew and put forth branches whose luxuriant foliage strove to lift the roof from intellect. All this have I endured for vengeance. And yet I forgive this man, who was my enemy—was to have been my victim."

Then he started up and bade me drink.

I drained the flask, and gave it back.

He raised it to his lips, but, finding nothing there, he held it to the light, and looked into its wicked mouth. He smiled as he remarked:

"There is in there what once was more reviving than the Elixir of Life."

I took the flask and looked through it. "Heaven in the clear glass was the weird number, '27'."

My fingers relaxed and it dropped to the floor, where it was shattered into fragments. I looked on speechless. From its neck trickled a drop of red liquid which resembled blood.

He smiled again, and said:

"It matters not. It is well that it should perish with the memory that incited me to have it made."

He kicked the fragments into a corner.

"Now we'll shake hands and let the future be uninfluenced by the past."

"Willingly," said I, and grasped a hand.

"Cold as the hills that float in Polar sea."

With that we parted; I, to press a sleepless couch, and he—

Day was just breaking, beautiful in its varied tints and soothing, as I mounted to the upper deck.

I was alone. Off to the east, low down to the water's edge, a twinkling light shone out and died, then shone again. I watched it a few moments, unable to locate it, being somewhat confused.

It was Back River light.

"Five miles, a half hour at the furthest, Fort Monroe will be reached, twenty-seven will be safe, and—"

"You are thoughtful this morning."

I looked around with a vague terror in my heart, and beheld Orton.

"I love to look on the breaking day," I said, "and the state-room was too warm for comfort."

"No doubt, no doubt; I found it to be impossible to sleep in mine, so I came out for the fresh air. This is exhilarating. We will soon be in."

"Yes; it's only a matter of four or five miles."

"I presume you contemplate stopping at the Fort during the bathing-season?" he inquired.

"No; I came down on business."

"To Richmond, probably? If so—"

"No; up the Pamunkey," said I, unwillingly.

"Then we will be obliged to separate at the Fort. I must be in Richmond to-night. I have a pressing engagement to deliver my lecture on mesmerism. By-the-by, it is a beautiful science."

A cold chill crept over me, but I had no power to divert him from the subject.

"A beautiful science," fixing his eyes on mine with a power that held them entranced. His own seemed to increase to a prodigious size, and were transformed into two immense circles, in which eccentric rings of rainbow hue whirled and convulsed, dazzling by their brilliancy and fascinating by their swift revolutions. His voice was clear, but as from a great distance.

"A beautiful science," he repeated; "one that can be employed with good effect to further the cause of right. Thus," passing his hand into my breast-pocket, and abstracting twenty-seven.

Then he rose, passed to the stern of the boat, still keeping his eyes fastened upon mine, which followed him unresistingly, clambered over the railing, and was gone.

How long a time elapsed before I recovered I may not say, but it could not have been many seconds. It was like awakening from a sleep in which a dream of horror and one of pleasure have been intermingled.

My first thought was for my treasure. Twenty-eight was there, but twenty-seven—gone!

I looked around wildly for the thief. About two hundred yards from the steamer, between it and the shore, which was, possibly, a mile distant, was a small boat containing a man, who souled desperately with the long oar projecting from the stern.

"A thousand—five thousand dollars for the thief!" I shrieked.

The passengers and crew gathered around, and, gazing upon me, thought me mad.

"Ten thousand!" I screamed, pointing to the boat, whose solitary passenger waved his hat in derision.

The steamer was stopped before my story was half told. A boat was lowered, into which sprang four of the crew. Poulitney appeared with one of the guns at the same instant, and leaped in with me.

Orton was rapidly nearing the shore, and we were a long distance behind, but eight strong arms propelled our boat forward at the rate of three feet to his one.

I stationed myself in the bow, hugging to my heart the little Derringer which I had christened Twenty-eight, murmuring incoherently:

"Twenty-eight will save Twenty-seven!"

We were close upon the thief when his boat touched the shore, but I did not wish to risk the loss of my only shot, especially so since, a moment before, Poulitney had fired at him and missed.

He leaped out on the white beach, threw up his hand and shouted:

"Adieu!"

"Not yet," I muttered, between my clenched teeth.

He had scarcely reached the trees lining the beach when our boat grounded. I sprang out and dashed after him.

"Stop, or you are a dead man!" I shouted, as I caught a glimpse of him between the trees.

His mocking laugh was demon-like, as was the shrill whistle of a bullet which passed through my hat, so close that my brain felt as if a red-hot iron had been drawn across it.

"Take that as compensation for the brand," he cried, as I staggered; but I recovered and kept on, wrought to madness by his taunt, and the thought of losing that which had been entrusted to my care.

He was a good runner and had a mighty incentive for exertion; but I had a mightier, and though my breath came short and strangling and my very bones ached with my desperate efforts, I gained upon him, and was at last so close that, when he stumbled over a rotten, alimy log, I fell upon him.

His revolver was wrenched from his grasp and flung many yards into the bushes.

"Curse you!" he shrieked, as I grappled with him.

His eyes glared and scintillated, but they were powerless to affect me as they had before. My will, in that moment of hellish passion, was as strong as his.

In the black slime we struggled, suppressed curses and short, heavy inspirations alone proclaiming us human beings.

Many times I encircled him with my arms and endeavored to hold him until assistance arrived, but he as often broke away and renewed the struggle.

At length, completely exhausted, we lay as if in loving embrace, two pairs of glaring eyes looking out from an undistinguishable mass of collected filth, like a double brace of diamonds from a compost heap, reflecting and reflecting each other's brilliancy.

Shouts were heard in the wood behind us, and soon a crackling in the underbrush heralded the approach of help.

He made a furious clutch at the pistol, but the motion imparted to my arm by his quick movement altered his position, and, instead of seizing it by the breech, his hand merely threw up the hammer as it passed by. At the same instant my fingers nervously pressed the trigger, and he sank back from me, quivering, limp and nerveless as a silken thread.

Twenty-eight had saved Twenty-seven!

CENDRILLON.

(From our own Dramatic Critic.)

THINKING people have long since recognized the great benefits which would accrue from the popular diffusion of knowledge concerning medical science, and efforts are being made, with partial success, to improve our educational system in this direction.

Now, it is a notorious fact that, for the intelligent study of physiology, pathology, and other important branches of scientific lore, a groundwork of anatomy is an indispensable requisite.

Acting upon these postulates, and animated by a laudable desire to promote the cause of learning, the faculty of Nible's College introduced, some months ago, an elaborate and well-illustrated course of anatomical instruction, which has proven so attractive and perspicuous, and has roused such thirst for information that members of learned professions—even of the clergy—have attended these lectures on an equal footing with the uncultivated rabble, in order to gain more enlarged views of the subject therein inculcated.

All knowledge being progressive, however, and the desire for information increasing in the ratio of its gradual attainment, the time at last arrived when the public, having profited to the utmost by the preliminary tuition thus vouchsafed, craved still further development of this interesting theme; and accordingly Professor Mark Smith, noting the requirement of the hour, has inaugurated, at his seminary, a more advanced system of practical anatomy, with Miss Hinkley as demonstrator.

Viewed simply as an exposition of scientific technicalities, no one could positively cavil at "Cendrillon;" but as a "Parisian Fairy Spectacle," divested of educational attributes, and intended for the mere entertainment of the public, there are certain points connected with it which may be not imperceptibly touched upon by the critic.

In the first place, although the piece presents great range of character, and the scenery offers much warmth of color, we would suggest the advisability, during

these cold evenings, of a more material range grade, giving warmth of color or wood. On the occasion of our visit, the thermometer, like a prudent spinster, couldn't be induced to own to over thirty, and the cold draughts which pervaded the house when the curtain rose made one wish for a hot draught between the acts. The effect of the "magnificent wardrobe" was, however, greatly heightened by a contrast thus produced, for while the costumes on the stage were generally of this description:



the spectators presented the following appearance:



As regards "Cendrillon," her story is so much a matter of history that the tale need not be re-told here; but in the transfer of this first story from the nursery (which is usually on the second story) to the dramatic story, several variations of greater or less import have been imported, and although any mad version of a fairy legend is not subject for animadversion, yet a brief review of this theatrical combination of "tulle illusion" and stern reality may be not uninteresting to some of our readers, especially since even the Reverend Smyth has decided that in this play the display of fairy knees is not so farious.

In the opening scene is seen "De la Pinchonniere's Manor," after Mr. Griffith Morgan's manner, and, from the dampness of the air therein, taken in conjunction with the artist's patronymic, one is led to suspect that there is a Welsh leak somewhere about the premises. It soon becomes evident, however, that this is only what is called a "carpenter's scene"—a meeting of "flats"—serving as an introduction to "The Gardens of Cupid's Court," and a "Grand March of Cupid's Guards," whose court-dresses are "tres court," and who exercise their right to bare arms in a way which must be trying to their constitutions, although sanctioned by ours. In this scene the fairy godmother makes her appearance, and a very remarkable appearance she makes. Popular theory has hitherto assumed that feminine attire was contradistinguished from male array by the presence of some sort of a skirt, and the conventional idea of fairy costume, derived from traditional description and authentic portraits, would induce us to expect something like this:



But not a bit of it. Either all our preconceived views on the subject have been erroneous, or the fashions of fairyland have totally changed since our nursery days; for it seems that the "correct thing" for Cendrillon's ethereal sponsor (fancy the feelings of the clergyman who baptized the infant!) is rather in this style:



Of course everybody knows how the reigning monarch (who, in the play, is economically dressed in a suit of chair-covering—probably to suit the chary garb of the other characters), considering that his son had reached a marriageable age, resolves to assemble all the beauties of his own and neighboring kingdoms, in order that the prince (in whose favor he intends to abdicate) may inaugurate his reign with a bridal. Foregoing his royal prerogative to force upon his heir one of his own "Favorites" if he choose to back her, he leaves the youth free to make his own selection of a "Solace" for his future life, and to that end gives a "bal costumé," whereat is manifested a marked scarcity of bal-morals. Cendrillon, as in the ancient chronicle, is permitted by the fairy Luciola to attend for a tender purpose, on condition of contriving, with deep art, to depart unnoticed

before midnight; but Luciola, when enjoining a watch upon her movements, has omitted to furnish her with the movements of a watch, whereby to facilitate her escapement; and the palace clock having obviously stopped, Cendrillon is induced to stop also until the time is past which was allotted for her bedtime.

As she hears Luciola toll the result which was foretold comes to pass, and she, too, comes to a pretty pass, for her carriage wheels and her own seal have disappeared together; of the gifted harness not a trace remains, and her servants in livery have vanished, leaving her without a hope of delivery. To add to her embarrassment, she has lost one of her glass-slippers, and she knows, if Luciola should see her shod on but one foot, what would be the for-feit.

The next act is devoted to a bootless search for the lost slipper, during which Cendrillon encounters the Evil Genius of the Fire Mountain—an amateur blacksmith who employs his Old Sledge in the manufacture of High-Lows, and who was the original fabricator of the missing foot gear. This personage, smitten by her charms, offers to forge a counter-fit to her remaining slipper, his sole recompense to be her hand; but although a powerful magnum, he fails to attract Cendrillon, who scornfully declines the proffer of his feat for her feet on such a footing. Incensed by the rejection of his suit, he summons his attendant demons, who make hostile demonstrations, whereat our heroine is much affrighted, but is more than half righted by the timely intervention of Luciola, who puts to rout the demons and enables us to see the last of the aggressive "autor."

Meanwhile things have been going wrong at the palace. The unknown beauty's foot so runs in the Prince's head that he does nothing but sing solos and go about the country seeking the right foot for the left slipper. The king, compassionating his son's condition, consents to give a reception, and accordingly invitations to try on the treasured shoe are issued to all the world; but it is needless to say that, although every one is placed in a trying situation, no one gets a fit except the Prince, who gets a fit of despondency, and swears to seek elsewhere—what none else wear—the mate to the fairy clausure.

At the beginning of the last act we are forced to sit patiently through two more carpenter's scenes during the



preparations for the Final Tableau, which shows us the "Grand Apotheosis," wherein most of the performers take their leaves in f, i, g.

The spectacular effect of "Cendrillon," as compared with its prototypes, is in the ratio of the comparative size of the stages on which it is being performed, that of the "Chatelet" being about sixteen times as large as that of the New York Theatre; but like all other New York stages, such a number of fairs have been collected that the trip will probably triply pay for the outlay.



"What's a 'duck' without the stuffing?"

The Hereditary Champion of England.

It is customary at the coronations in England for a champion to appear, on horseback, in full armor, and offer to maintain the right of the sovereign against all contestants. At the last coronation the champion met with a droll discomfiture. Wishing to observe the rules of Court etiquette, he had recourse to the proprietor of a well-known equestrian troupe, and hired a horse noted for the ease and grace of his retrograde pace. It is Court etiquette to always retire from the royal presence backward, and this the champion desired to observe. Mounted on this animal, the champion rode toward the entrance of Westminster Hall, confident that when the moment for backing came, his beast would retire from the presence of royalty like a true courtier. But as ill luck would have it, the creature backed too soon, and insisted on backing with two legs instead of four. No sooner had the champion ridden under the arch, than the bray of trumpets which announced his appearance was mistaken by the highly educated quadruped for the signal at which, in the discharge of his ordinary professional duties, he was expected to face about, rise on his hind legs and back across the circus. Obedient to the misapprehended sound, the horse suddenly shied round, stood on his hind legs like a Christian, and, to the lively horror and commotion of the courtly multitude, backed right up the hall with his tail toward the sovereign of the realm. Gorgeous heralds approached the beast and were waved off by his fore legs; in vain the champion pulled at the bridle. Fortunately the warrior's embarrassment was not of long duration, for again mistaking a trumpet bray for a circus signal, the horse twisted sharp round and backed in the opposite direction. Such was the Hereditary Champion's last appearance in Westminster Hall.

A MAORI BIRD CALL.—In New Zealand my son had learned this call, and could on any occasion in the forests assemble around him an audience of numerous and various birds, like another St. Francis about to preach to them. Among the New Zealand birds is one of such extreme simplicity, called the woei men, that he used, at any time, where these birds abounded, to procure as many as were wanted for a meal, by going out with two small rods. At the end of one was hung a bit of red rag; at the end of another was a noose. Having made the call, on the woei men running on all sides out of the thickets, he saw the red rag and they ran forward to examine it, and what they were thus engaged, he slipped the noose at the end of the other rod over their heads, one after another, and captured what he wanted.

A JAPANESE SCULPTOR.

THE Japanese carvers after nature have very great skill of manipulation and dexterity. They work also very quickly, and many of their productions we cannot imitate. Still there seems wanting in the Japanese work the principle of art. They copy not like artists, but like machines. And yet nothing can surpass the grace of some of their work; it has frequently the luxurious want of regularity which is so charming in nature, and which they at times seem to catch more from instinct than by study.

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

We take this graphic account of an adventure with a grizzly bear from a description written by Benedict Henry Revoil, editor of the *Journal de Chasseurs*. It happened in the far west beyond the Mississippi. The party were out hunting for a grizzly bear, and as we will see, unexpectedly found one. After watching all night with no result, they gave up all hope of finding their game, and had just discharged their guns at a fleeing herd of deer, when an enormous grizzly bear appeared about one hundred yards in advance, advancing toward them. When the Indians find a bear they sit down quite close to each other and wait his attack. The bear selects one of them and rushes at him; perhaps this victim is killed, or perhaps wounded only slightly. The others, however, rise instantly and bury their knives in the most vital parts of the animal. Knowing this style of Indian tactics, Mr. Revoil called upon his men to sit down, but they all ran away and left him alone. He felt it was all over with him, and expected the bear to rush upon him.

"He, however, seemed to be in no hurry. He came on slowly, and when he was within about a dozen yards of me, he crouched on the ground like a cat, looking at me fixedly. I followed his example by sitting down and looking at him as intently as I could. I remembered what I had read about the power of the human eye, and as a last resource resolved to try the experiment. Unfortunately it was a failure; the bear shut his eyes and looked to the right and left of me, but that was the only effect. Presently, however, he folded his paws one over the other, and rested his head upon them, exactly like a cat watching a mouse. Every now and then he licked his chops as if he had just finished dining, and was not disposed just then to sit down to another repast.



A JAPANESE SCULPTOR.—FROM NATURE.

The grizzly bears are said to be very fond of human flesh, and he was doubtless waiting for a return of his appetite to make a meal of me.

"I made one or two attempts to reload my rifle, but directly I moved my hand the brute raised its head and growled, as much as to say, 'None of that, my friend. He was a terribly big bear, one of the largest I ever saw, with a shaggy gray fur and small piercing eyes, looking as cunning as any old bear can look.'

In this way the whole day passed, and the night came on, and Mr. Revoil, after being some ten hours in this uncomfortable position, alternating



A TARTAR HORSE-DOCTOR.

between hope and despair, was rescued by a device of his man, who creeping cautiously up quite near, and having prepared a frying-pan full of damp powder, came leaping in between them, howling diabolically and brandishing his pan, so as to produce an unearthly effect, which so frightened the bear that he retreated in terror, and gave Mr. Revoil a chance to escape.

TARTAR HORSE-DOCTOR.

THE Tartar mode of doctoring horses is thus described by the traveler, Mr. Fleming. The doctor "has the whole surface of the body mapped out into gates of access, such as the 'Golden Gate,' the 'Gate of Life,' etc. These lead to the internal organs; and when one of these organs is supposed to be in a morbid state, a plaster or some other application is stuck over the gate, and if very serious, a small quantity of medicine is given by the mouth. By the latter method of curing the disease, more particularly if the beast is fretful and unwilling to be coaxed to swallow unpalatable stuffs, he uses gentle measures at first, and finding these not succeed, proceeds to more potent inducements. Over the branch of a neighboring tree he flings a sort of head collar, with a species of bent gag iron bit, called *Tiace chiac*—literally, 'Hanging bit'—which, when put on the invalid, answers admirably the double purpose of elevating the head to a proper height by pulling the end of the rope downward, and keeping open the mouth. If still refractory, in spite of patting and mild expostulation, the *Nyng-tez*, or 'twister,' as they call the twitch, is screwed on the upper or under lip, and the unpleasant medicine, in a semi-fluid mass, is poured down the rebellious throat by means of a drenching-horn, identical with our own equine medicine administrator, and with a tact and neatness quite his own."

Mr. Fleming goes on to state that, though these doctors pretend to an accurate and extended knowledge of diseases, yet they still are quite successful with many, especially with the glanders.

THE GORMORANT AND GAZELLE.

THE Honorable Grantley F. Berkeley, who has acquired considerable reputation recently by his

various pleasant works of reminiscences of all kinds, describes the following singular occurrence: At his country-seat, among his numerous pets he kept a gazelle named Zellie, and a cormorant, who, though a female, went by the name of Jack, and whose singular ways of showing her attachment he thus describes: "The hops she gave, and the faces she made, with a prolonged 'oh!' at



CURIOUS INSTANCE OF AFFECTION BETWEEN A CORMORANT AND A GAZELLE.

the end of them, her sea-green eyes, brilliant with affection, when she came to me on the lawn, were, though uncouth, very entertaining. Her games at play with the graceful gazelle were extraordinary, and it was not possible to see more different creatures joining in one common sport than these two pets presented in their happy hours. The gazelle bounding on all fours around and over the cormorant, and the cormorant uttering short hoarse notes and trying to peck her, and waddling after the deer in the hope of a closer meeting. Then the gazelle would threaten to butt with her horns, which always made the cormorant get very upright and thin, the plumage drawn closely to the body, as if well aware of the danger; when, if the gazelle did charge, the cormorant was obliged to shuffle and dodge out of the way; but if she succeeded to meet the soft nose of the gazelle with her powerfully sharp beak, the gazelle would bound yards into the air, and relinquish the mimic battle."

The English Inns of Court in Modern Times.

In the greater refinement and increasing delicacy of the eighteenth century, the Inns of Court revels which had for so many generations been conspicuous amongst the gayeties of the town became less and less magnificent; and they altogether died out under the second of those Georges who are thought by some persons to have corrupted public morals and lowered the tastes of society. In 1733-4, when Lord Chancellor Talbot's elevation to the woolsack was celebrated by a revel in the Inner Temple Hall, the dullness and disorder of the celebration convinced the lawyers that they had not acted wisely in attempting to revive usages that had fallen into desuetude because they were inconvenient to new arrangements or repugnant to modern taste. No attempt was made to prolong

the festivity over a succession of days. It was a revel of one day; and no one wished to add another to the period of riot. At two o'clock on February 2, 1733-4, the new Chancellor, the master of the revels, the benchers of the inns and the guests (who were for the most part lawyers) sat down to dinner in the hall. The barristers and students had their ordinary fare, with the addition of a flask of claret to each mess; but a superior repast was served at the High Table, where fourteen students (of whom the Chancellor's eldest son was one) served as waiters. While the banquet was in progress, musicians stationed in the gallery at the upper end of the hall filled the room with deafening noise, and ladies looked down upon the feasters from a large gallery which had been fitted up for their reception over the screen. After dinner, as soon as the hall could be cleared of dishes and decanters, the company were entertained with "Love for Love" and "The Devil to Pay," performed by professional actors, who "all came from the Haymarket in chairs, ready dressed, and (as it was said) refused any gratuity for their trouble, looking upon the honor of distinguishing themselves on this occasion as sufficient." The players having withdrawn, the judges, sergeants, benchers and other dignitaries, danced "round about the coal fire;" that is to say, they danced round about a stove in which there was not a single spark of fire. The congregation of many hundreds of persons in a hall which had not comfortable room for half the number, rendered the air so oppressively hot, that the master of the revels wisely resolved to lead his troop of revelers round an empty grate. The chronicler of this ridiculous mummery observes: "And all the time of the dance the ancient song, accompanied by music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar-gown, whose father had formerly been Master of the Plea Office in the King's Bench. When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the parliament chamber, and staid about a quarter of an hour, while the hall was being put in order. They then went into the hall and danced a few minutes. Country dances began at ten, and at twelve a very fine collation was provided for the whole company, from which they returned to dancing, which they continued as long as they pleased, and the whole day's entertainment was generally thought to be very genteelly and liberally conducted. The Prince of Wales honored the per-

formance with his company part of the time; he came in to the music *incog.* about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of "Walking Round the Coal Fire" was over.

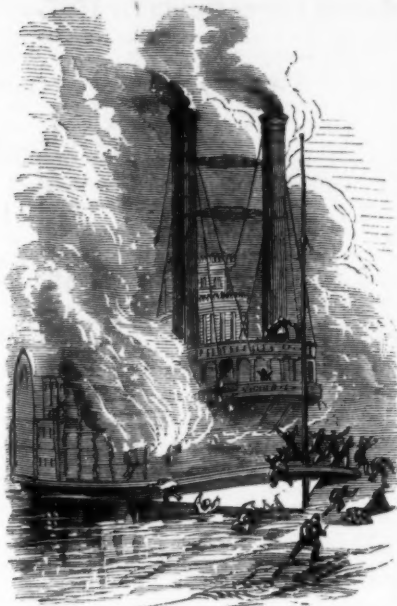
With this notable dance of lawyers round an empty grate, the old revels disappeared. In their Grand Days, equivalent to the gaudy days, or feast days, or audit days of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, the Inns of Court still retain the last vestiges of their ancient jollifications, but the uproarious riot of the obsolete festivities is but faintly echoed by the songs and laughter of the junior barristers and students who in these degenerate times gladden their hearts and loosen their tongues with an extra glass of wine after grand dinners, and then hasten back to chambers for tobacco and tea.

A CHARACTER VIVIDLY DESCRIBED.—The following curious document, found on the body of a suicide, was read in one of the police-courts of Paris:—It was headed "Les Mystères de ma Vie"—"I am of a good family. I was well educated, but unluckily I took for my motto, 'Châti va piano, va sano' (Fair and softly goes far), and I never did to-day what I could possibly put off till to-morrow. I thought one should reflect much before entering into any affair. I did so, and so never made any but bad affairs. By this habit of cautious delay I ruined my fortune, missed an excellent appointment, and just escaped being ten times married. I offended all my friends because I never could return a visit or acknowledge a politeness at the proper time. I was habitually a day too late for the fair. I had excellent servants, but was abominably served; for I was never ready. I called myself prudent, and was always in difficulties. I have thought about it seriously, and have come to the conclusion that I have always been a humbug—ever attempting to conceal the truth, and hide my selfishness and idleness under the mask of steadiness. The fact is, I hated work—bodily or mental—detested trouble, and loved loafing. This is the true cause of my frequent failings. Now, for once, I take a decided step, and hang myself."



AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



BURNING OF THE STEAMER FASHION ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

The Burning of the Steamer Fashion.

The steamer Fashion was one of the Mississippi cotton and passenger boats, which made the trip, as they all do, loaded with as many passengers and as much cotton as can be crowded upon the boat. On this trip the boat caught fire, and we have represented three scenes, taken from the account given by the mate of the unfortunate vessel. The first is the beaching of the boat, when the fire was discovered to be beyond control. She was run ashore about seven miles above Baton Rouge, so that the people upon the bow could leap upon



THE CHILDREN THROWN OVERBOARD BY THEIR FRANTIC MOTHERS.

the shore. The fire raged in the middle of the boat, about the boilers, preventing those in the after part of the boat from escaping by the bow; and thus commenced the scene, represented in our second illustration, of the women throwing their children into the water and then leaping in after them. The third illustration represents the captain and the mate trying to save, in a small boat, those of the passengers who are struggling in the water, or clinging to fragments of the boat, and chairs or other objects which had been thrown overboard. There were about 300 passengers on board, and about fifty were drowned.



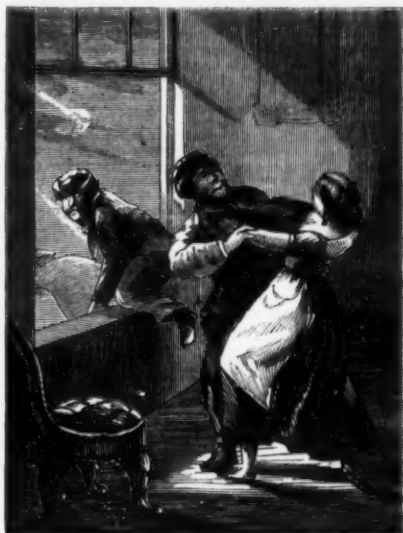
THE RESCUE OF THE PASSENGERS BY CAPTAIN PRATT AND MR. HASTINGS.

Burglars Frightened by a Servant Girl.

The residence of Mr. Studerant, in Orange, was entered by burglars, who, by their movements, awoke one of the servant girls. Rising, she fearlessly entered the room, and suddenly confronting them, startled them so that they rushed toward the window to escape. Two of them leaped out, and a third was seized by the bold girl, but managed to extricate himself from her grasp and follow his companions. Nothing was stolen, the girl having interrupted them before they had secured any booty.

Ridden on a Rail.

At East Hadden, Conn., a man was recently ridden on a rail, by some of his fellow-citizens, who were indignant concerning his behavior toward a lady of the town. This mode of procedure is not as bad as hanging, but still is lawless, and can never be justified. The law is the only remedy in such cases, and any departure from it is inexcusable and uncivilized.



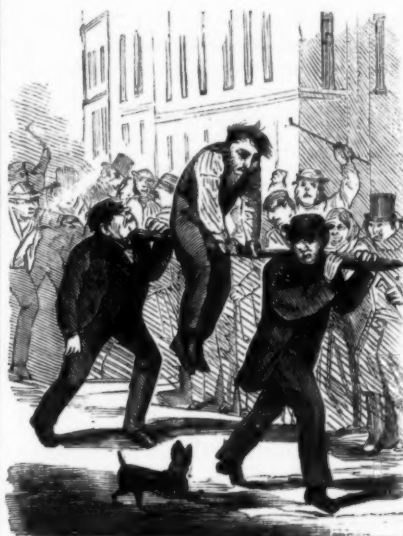
A HEROIC SERVANT GIRL.

A Woman Saved from Drowning by Crinoline.

Our illustration represents a woman in Canada, who was, while skating, put in danger of drowning by the breaking of the ice. Fortunately her crinoline held her dress distended, and thus kept her floating until assistance came.

Dan Bryant and the Elephant.

The proprietor of a menagerie at Cincinnati recently invited Dan Bryant to see the animals after the usual hours of exhibition. The animals, it seems, did not relish being disturbed at such an unreasonable hour, and the elephant, making himself the organ of public opinion, seized the intruder with his trunk, and after swinging him to and fro several times, threw him about twenty feet. Fortunately he landed upon a pile of hay,



LYNCH LAW IN CONNECTICUT.

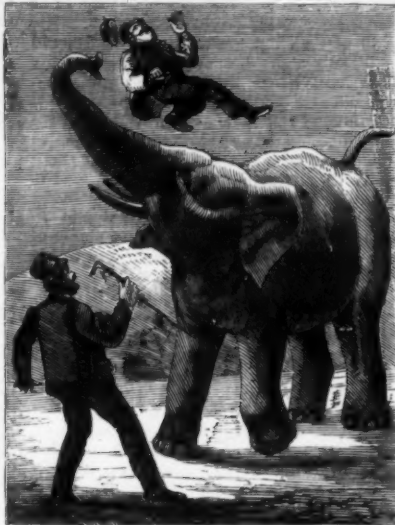
and received no other injury than the confusion consequent upon so unexpectedly sought a reception.

An Incident of the Late Storm.

During the late storm, the tin roof of the Sherman House, in Elmira, N. Y., was found to be in danger of being carried away by the force of the wind. It had started slightly in one or two places. A man, named Michael McMahon, happened to be in the building, and offered to go upon the roof and secure it. Disregarding the advice of those who told him how dangerous it was, he went up with a hammer and nails, saying there was no danger that it would take but a moment, and he would be careful. He had hardly reached the roof, when it was carried off bodily by the force of the wind, and he was thrown into the street, falling a distance of over one hundred feet, and receiving such severe injuries that he died soon after.



A LADY SAVED FROM DROWNING BY HER CRINOLINE.



DAN BRYANT'S VISIT TO THE ELEPHANT.

Singular Death of Margaret MacNulty.

Margaret MacNulty, a woman of intemperate habits, was found dead, suspended by her clothing from a high picket-fence to Ripley's Dock, in Newark, N. J. It is supposed that she attempted to climb the fence on her way home, and as the evening before she had been seen drunk, that she became entangled on the pickets and died as represented. In India, during the mutiny, a favorite mode of punishment with the Christian English officers, was hanging the mutineers up alive by the legs, and the result of their experience was that death was certain in about a half hour, under the most horrible suffering.

Singular Death.

Mr. John Reilly, of 79 Baxter street, had the misfortune to lose his wife by sudden death. In preparing himself for the funeral, he went into a barber's-shop to be shaved. The barber, during the operation, noticed



INCIDENT OF THE LATE STORM AT ELMIRA, N. Y.

that his customer behaved somewhat curiously, and was suddenly horrified at finding that he was dead. The inquest showed that he died from heart-disease. His burial took place with that of his wife, for which he was preparing.

Dangers of City Car Travel.

The Bleeker street line of cars passes our office, at the intersection of Elm and Pearl streets. The grade just here is quite steep down to Pearl street, and then up again. The cars come down the incline and cross Pearl street at so rapid a rate that it is singularly ac-



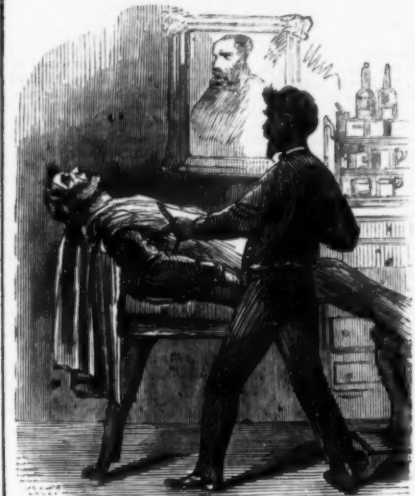
SINGULAR DEATH OF MARGARET M'NULTY.

dents are not constant here. The other day the collision we have illustrated did occur. One of the cars had stopped at the bottom of the incline, and the next one came down at such speed that it was impossible to stop it in time. The result was a collision. Fortunately the passengers had seen the approach of the second car in time enough to save themselves by retreating out of the front door. It is bad enough to have these railroads take violent possession of the streets, charge us more than their legal fare, pack us in like sardines, and, by the insolence of their servants, increase their universal shortcomings; but when it comes to making their use

positively dangerous, perhaps we may have a right to complain.

Panic in St. Peter's Church.

An intense excitement was caused last week in St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church at Philadelphia. One of the candles upon the altar was tipped over accidentally, and coming in contact with some of the drapery,

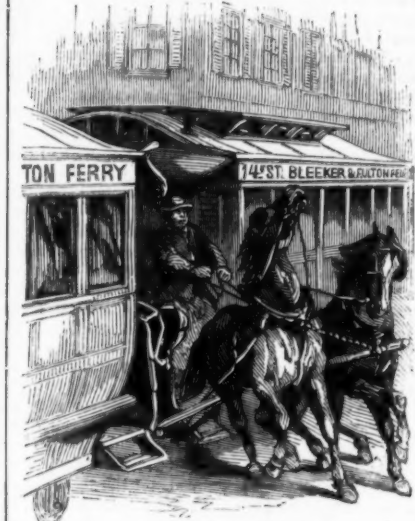


DIED IN A BARBER'S CHAIR.

set it on fire. A panic ensued, which was soon allayed by the coolness of some of those present. The burning drapery was soon extinguished.

CHANCELLOR THURLOW'S HAT.

About lawyer's cocked hats a capital volume might be written, that should contain no better story than the one which is told of Ned Thurlow's discomfiture in 1788, when he was playing a trickster's game with his friends and foes. Windsor Castle just then contained three distinct centres of public interest—the mad king in the hands of his keepers; on the one side of the impotent monarch the Prince of Wales waiting impatiently for the regency; on the other side, the queen, with equal impatience, longing for her husband's recovery. The prince and his mother both had apartments in the castle, her majesty's quarters being the



THE DANGERS OF CITY TRAVEL.

place of meeting for the Tory ministers, whilst the prince's apartments were thrown open to the select leaders of the Whig expectants. Of course the two coteries kept jealously apart; but Thurlow, who wished to be still Lord Chancellor, "whatever king might reign," was in private communication with the prince's friends. With furtive steps he passed from the queen's room (where he had a minute before been assuring the ministers that he would be faithful to the king's adherents), and made clandestine way to the apartment where Sheridan and Payne were meditating on the advantages of a regency without restriction. On leaving the prince, the wary lawyer used to steal into the king's chamber, and seek guidance or encouragement from the madman's restless eyes. Was the malady curable? If curable, how long a time would elapse before the return of reason? These were the questions which the Chancellor put to himself, as he debated



ACCIDENT AT ST. PETER'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

whether he should break with the Tories and go over to the Whigs. Through the action of the patient's disease the most delicate part of the lawyer's occupation was gone; and having no longer a king's conscience to keep, he did not care, by way of diversion—to keep his own.

For many days, ere they received clear demonstration of the Chancellor's deceit, the other members of the cabinet suspected that he was acting disingenuously, and when his double-dealing was brought to their sure knowledge, their indignation was not even qualified with surprise. The story of his exposure is told in various ways; but all versions concur in attributing it to an accident. Like the gallant of the French court, whose clandestine intercourse with a great lady was discovered because, in his hurried preparations for flight from her chamber, he appropriated one of her stockings, Thurlow, according to one account, was convicted of perjury by the prince's hat, which he bore under his arm on entering the closet where the ministers awaited his coming. Another version says Thurlow had taken his seat at the council-table, when his hat was brought to him by a page, with an explanation that he had left it in the prince's private room. A third, and more probable representation of the affair, instead of laying the scene in the council-chamber, makes the exposure occur in a more public part of the castle. "When a council was to be held at Windsor," said the Right Honorable Thomas Grenville, in his old age recounting the particulars of the mishap, "to determine the course which ministers should pursue, Thurlow had been there some time before any of his colleagues arrived. He was to be brought back to London by one of them; and the moment of departure being come, the Chancellor's hat was nowhere to be found. After a fruitless search in the apartment where the council had been held, a page came with the hat in his hand, saying aloud, and with great naïveté, 'My lord, I found it in the closet of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.' The other ministers were still in the hall, and Thurlow's confusion corroborated the inference which they drew."

New Year's Calls.

BY BRICKTOP.

I HAD promised myself and my friend Spudd great pleasure in making New Year's calls, and when that worthy presented himself at my lodgings on the morning of January 1st, 18 hun—no matter—I felt a thrill of joy as he grasped my hand, and announced himself feeling as fine as a new silk hat, and anxious to commence our calls. Of course each stood critic for the other, and it was the unanimous opinion that two finer-looking individuals than we were would be hard to find. We expected to captivate and even shiver many hearts before we got through, but, as a matter of course, we could not help it; and so, with honest hearts beneath our fashionable clothes, we stroked the last hair and started out.

The first two or three calls amounted to but little; but on reaching the fourth door the dullness began to wear off. Others had been there before us and drawn the corks of their hilarity, so that it ran a perfect stream at the moment of our announcement. Mrs. Bucklebury was looking beautiful, and her daughters sipped wine and animated the piano in the most approved style. I was delighted with the daughters and decanters, while Spudd instantly became a hero with the old lady—I beg her pardon—and the sandwiches.

Of course every one present regretted that we were obliged to part so soon; but we had just one hundred calls to make, and at eleven A.M. we had only checked four on our list. So we backed out against the hat-tree, covered our ravishing locks, and departed.

About noon the scene began to be decidedly novel and lively. The servants opened the front doors regularly every ten seconds, whether there was anybody to enter or not. Spudd began to get animated as well as the rest; but the first I noticed of this new feeling was the hearty manner in which he shook hands, and even embraced some of the servants who let us in. Argument against such little attentions on his part produced no reformation, for he insisted that they expected such things, and would become stale and unprofitable if denied their share of effervescence.

Met another party as we turned a corner, and by some means or other got mixed up; they taking our route and we taking theirs. But, as luck would have it, we met again in the same spot about ten minutes later and compared notes; ascertained that we had circumnavigated the block under a delusion; they laughed and we laughed, and then concluded to cross over the street and have a drink. We drank.

Kept up our calls, and succeeded in scratching No. 27 on our list. Found No. 23 full, and concluded to do it on our return. Spudd suggested that the weather was getting deuced slippery out; thought so too. Called on several others, and found that the walking was getting worse. Spudd overflowed with the idea that we should get sharp-ended. Rang the bell of No. 40, and was met halfway by the lady of the house, who, in the intensity of her feelings, embraced us both at once in such a fervent manner that the three of us would have fallen on the floor had it not been for my glossy hat, which had fortunately fallen beneath us. This was nothing; and the good-natured hostess said she would send it down to the kitchen, and have Biddy press it out as good as new while we were doing the refreshments; or, in case that did not work, I might leave it in place of her husband's new one. So we refreshed.

The piano was agitated to a polka, and Spudd suggested poetry of motion. Hostess thought so, too, being that Spudd was such an old and valued acquaintance, and so they started. But alas, for Spudd! either the toes of his new boots were too stiff—or something else—for, catching the toes of those pedal adornments in the carpet, he pitched into the corner of the room, where he remained doubled up like a damaged tea-pot. The company insisted on bathing his temples, which they did, some distance below his shirt-collar, which so far restored him as to enable him to swear feebly. Bowed ourselves out and found that the "husband's new hat" would have rested on my shoulders had it not been for my ears.

Making the best of it, we pushed on and made several other calls, during which Spudd got the best of any little nervousness that his late mishap occasioned, and considered himself in excellent condition for making little speeches whenever occasion required. Practice, too, had made him careless about the use of such

little articles as knives and forks, and he evidently believed that cold ham, sardines, and such articles, could not soil his fingers so long as he handled them with his gloves on.

No. 49 was an old acquaintance, and Spudd hinted broadly about becoming possessor of the fine brownstone house, through the mediumship of a dominie and the pretty daughter of the present owner; and as a particular favor I was to say nothing, Spudd everything, while I was to note the effect. Mr. and Mrs. Pooyer were there to receive us, as also the daughters, surrounded by half a dozen young men full as good-looking as ourselves. But it remained for Spudd to banish them like a cloud, and by the magic of his own genius draw the fair enchantress to his side.

Filling a glass, he approached Mr. and Mrs. P., and began his little speech:

"Mr. P.—hic!—you're Mr. P., you're Mrs. P.—hic!—so be it. Mr. P.—may I hope—this day twelvemonths—you're Mr. P. and Mrs. P., you're Mrs. P.—New Year's—happy—hic!—all ovus. Here's to your—hic!—charming daughters—beautiful, excellent—hic!" and he wound up by turning the glass of wine down his bosom in his endeavor to drink to the health of his enchantress.

In a little side speech to me he contended, without making a note of the elevated noses, that the last bit of ham that he had eaten had so lubricated his organs of speech that the words came out faster than he could shape them, and that under the circumstances his true forte was singing; and that if I would only accompany him on the piano he would so thrill and electrify the company that the room would ring again. He might be right; at all events I granted his wish. I played the prelude to several of his favorite airs, even played one of his best songs quite through, but without eliciting a response of any kind from the enchanting Spudd. By-and-by his senses seemed to come to him, and striking a tremendous theatrical attitude, his lips began to move; I waited for the first note. It came:

"John Brown's mother knew he was a hunkey boy," repeated five or six times, and then a chorus sung by Spudd. Then his song went on to tell that the said John Brown knew that his mother was a hunkey boy, after which we were again reminded of the old lady's knowledge respecting her son. In vain I hinted at something else; that we had better be going; in vain I pulled him savagely by the coat-tail and started for the door; he still went on with John Brown and his knowing mother. Finally Mr. P. suggested that they be favored with the remainder of the song on the following New Year, which, together with a decidedly savage look from the daughter and her several admirers, forcibly suggested the exterior of the brownstone house.

Once more on the sidewalk, we held a council of war and concluded to finish our list by the aid of animated horseflesh and a sleigh. After a long search we found a man who would put us through—in the generosity of his soul—for twenty-five dollars. Incorporated him and started; compared lists; I had lost my own and must therefore depend upon Spudd's. Not one of his calls had been checked, and to make matters worse, it was torn in halves, leaving me to guess which half it was, whether the done or the undone. Spudd swore in a very natural way that it was the virgin half, and so we fell back contented and happy.

Called on No. 1 of our revised list. Noted a look of surprise on the faces of those who should have welcomed us with open arms, and caught the sound of a suppressed titter as we bowed ourselves out of the room. Driver suggested that it was getting late, and as the days had not lengthened to any considerable degree, he insinuated rapidly of motion. I came a master-stroke on his human nature by giving him the list, giving him to understand at the same time that he was the only reliable man of the party, and that he could go over the route in his best time.

He showed the effect of my master-stroke, and we made several calls in the shortest time on record; in fact we rushed in without saying a word to any one, and after taking a drink of the first we could get, we proceeded to get out with as much velocity as usual locomotion allows.

No. 11 was reached. We were met in the hall by what seemed to be a very tickled party. Thought I had seen the hostess before; took a survey of the premises, and with the assistance of the company we were made aware of the fact that we had put in an appearance there once before that day; that in fact we stood in the room, in the corner of which Spudd had doubled himself up as an inaugural mishap. Spudd attempted a little speech, but failed, simply on account of his excessive emotions. I tried, and after a while convinced them that we had lost one and a half of our lists, and unfortunately had been redoing the wrong half. Some laughing.

Concluded to dismiss the driver and remain to tea; went out to do so and found that he had anticipated my kind intentions and was non est. Spudd called for soda-water.

Don't remember everything that transpired; think it was late when we started to go home. Everybody seemed bent on the same journey, although now and then we saw one holding on to a lamp-post and administering a lecture to his refractory hat that would positively remain in the gutter in spite of all that was said to it.

Others had become fatigued with the labors of the day, and were quietly resting their tired anatomy in various doorways and against various fences. I never recollect seeing so much musical good-feeling manifested on the street on any former occasion. Even those who could make no use of their legs used their lungs, unharmoniously but innocently.

The major portion of them were ventilating the idea of not going home till morning. Some mournfully unbosomed themselves of the fact of not having any one to love and caress. Some,

more open-hearted than the rest, were for speaking of a man as they found him, while from another corner of the way some hungry individual exhorted Sally to expedite the hoe-cake.

Spudd began to have gloomy forebodings as to what the ultimate state of society would be, and fearing what he might do on his reflections, I accompanied him home and put him soothingly to bed.

HOW THEY SERVE "WITCHES" IN NEW ZEALAND.—The following, from the New Zealand Herald, describes a summary mode of dealing with "witches" in that country: "From Kawhia we hear of wars and rumors of wars, instigated probably by the desire of the semi-friendly natives there to be put on ration and receive pay. Hone Westera (John Wesley), late native magistrate there, who was deposed from his office four years ago, for the abduction of a native woman, the wife of a lawyer named Wright, has been adding to the interest of native proceedings at the present time by the commission of a most brutal murder. It seems that this late learned interpreter of the law had, with a zeal worthy of Matthew Hopkins, condemned an old Maori woman for 'Makutu,' or witchcraft, and punished her by his own hands, cutting off her head on the spot. This may appear to Auckland philo-Maoris as something startling and, perhaps, out of the way, but to us here it is no extraordinary event. It is only a few years since two natives in our own district murdered a man and a woman for the same reason, and cooked a copper Maori over their grave. Much about the same time, at Kawhia, a native and his wife pulled the heart out of his living child, under the impression that the poor infant was bewitched."

PERSONAL ADORNMENT.—How many women do you suppose would beautify their persons and abodes were there no eye to witness the pleasant result but those that confront them in the looking-glass? I please myself thinking that all self-respecting women would continue to do so, untidiness and disorder being demoralizers to which their natures would instinctively cry "Avant!" Much as has been said, and truly, of the too absorbing love of ornamentation in women, it still remains that there is something unnatural and wrong in that woman who is totally indifferent to it. I like not her who feels no antiching finger to shroud the unlightfulness of her abode and bring out, by skillful touches, small surprises of beauty and grace. As for her whose love of ornamentation is not based on neatness—who can sleep peacefully while her bonnet lies on a chair, her shoes on a sofa, and her cloak upon the floor, I will have none of her!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The industrial, world, more especially the mechanics, manufacturers, inventors and farmers will be glad to hear that the *Scientific American* has been enlarged to the same size as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Now is the time to subscribe for this admirably conducted and most useful publication. The publishers, MUNN & CO., 37 Park row, deserve great credit for their enterprising management of this most important serial.

We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

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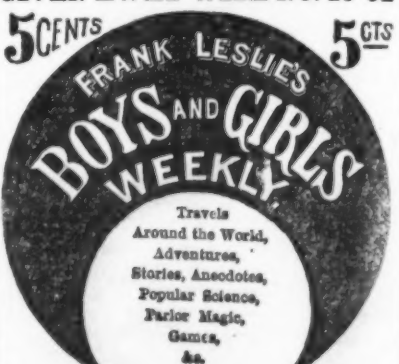
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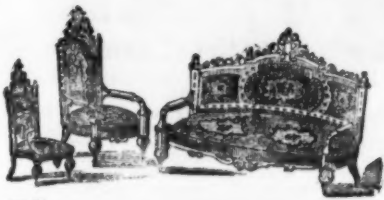
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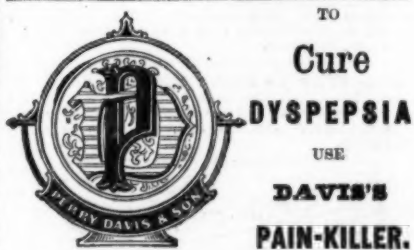
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